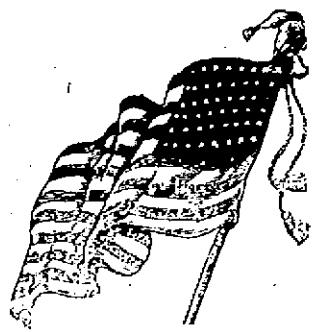


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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June, 1784, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, there was a great deal of business to be transacted to carry into effect some of the resolutions and ordinances passed by the representative council on Monday evening. There were also a number of officers to be filled to start the year. The following officers were elected:

Health Officer—Thomas Shea.
Weigher of Cattle—Fernando Barker.
Commissioner of Wrecks—J. K. Sullivan.
Field Drivers—H. G. Johnson, J. H. J. Kelly.
Commissioner to attend burial of soldiers and sailors of the Civil War—A. K. McMahon.
Coroner—Vernon B. Anderson.
Surveyors of Lumber—C. F. Langley, Michael Harrington, H. G. Hammett.
Constable under Bird Law—F. W. Lawton.
Appraiser of Damages by Dogs—F. W. Lawton.

Mayor Mahoney announced the appointment of Sergeant Joseph A. Schneider to be lieutenant of police under the new ordinance and John E. Murray to be a member of the permanent force and clerk of the department. These appointments were confirmed, and Chief Tobin was requested to formulate regulations as to their duties, to be submitted to the board for adoption.

Bids were opened for furnishing \$100,000 to the city in anticipation of taxes, and the loan went to the Arthur Perry Company, the lowest bidder, at 4.03. Aldermen Kirby and Hughes were made a committee to investigate the sprayer question, although a purchase cannot be made until the General Assembly authorizes the city to hire the money asked for.

Aldermen Hughes and Hanley were made a committee to rent a landing place at the City Dock for the Block Island line of steamers, although there are some difficulties in the way of securing a desirable landing place there. A telegram from Mr. Newbold of the Company that holds the contract for street gas lighting, demanding pay for service, was read. No action was taken, but Mayor Mahoney and Alderman Williams will familiarize themselves with the situation in order to be prepared to consider it on its merits at the next meeting.

The police made a quick capture of the touring car of Pay Director Livingston Hunt, which was taken from the front of the Rogers High School on Thursday evening. As soon as notification of the theft was given an alarm was sent out and the car was stopped at the Stone Bridge. Two sailors were in the car at the time, one being captured and brought back to Newport, while the other escaped.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The representative council met on Monday evening and adopted the budget substantially as recommended by the committee of 25. The only important change made from the committee recommendation was the striking out of the appropriation of \$18,000 for the new Van Zandt avenue pier, and this was not accomplished without considerable opposition. Attempts were made to prune several other items from the budget, but none of them were successful.

At the opening of the meeting, an ordinance and a resolution were passed to correct misunderstandings at the meeting last week in regard to the police ordinance and to the salaries of the medical inspectors of schools. Chairman Thomas B. Congdon called the attention of the members to the financial situation of the city, showing that every dollar of estimated revenue was appropriated in the budget, and warning them to go carefully. He said that extra revenue for the future might well be obtained by finding property at present untaxed or inadequately taxed, and pointed out that although the city expenses are increasing the municipality provides certain services free of cost to the citizens which the residents are obliged to pay for personally in many other places.

In going over the budget the first proposed amendment was to strike out the auto street sprinkler, and then the proposed new bin at the city quarry; both were lost. The purchase of a tree sprayer was also a point of attack, but a letter was read from Mrs. French Vanderbilt urging its purchase, and Mr. John DuFais took the floor and advocated this item; it stood.

The attack on the Van Zandt avenue pier was led by Dr. Brackett on the ground of economy, although he believed the proposition to be meritorious if the city could afford it. A ballot was called for and the appropriation was struck out, 73 to 45. A long parliamentary discussion followed on the method of procedure, but the chair ruled that the ballot was permissible and the action was sustained. Later Mr. Fletcher W. Lawton moved to reconsider, but the motion was lost.

A balance of \$1600 in the school department from last year was ordered deducted from the budget, and an unnecessary amount of \$1000 was deducted from the police department. With these amendments the budget was taken up as a whole and was adopted.

A resolution was passed, at the suggestion of Fletcher W. Lawton, authorizing the board of aldermen to negotiate with the Block Island line to use a portion of the City wharf as a landing place.

The ordinance for the assessment and collection of a tax was then taken up, the rate named being \$1.80 on each \$100. Mayor Mahoney then took the floor and made a strong address on the tax situation, pointing out that in his opinion a rate of more than \$1.70 would be illegal. He suggested that there was ample field for increased revenue on property not now sufficiently taxed. In accordance with his recommendation the rate was fixed at \$1.75 and the ordinance was passed.

A number of resolutions were passed to carry into effect some of the provisions of the budget and other routine matters were disposed of. Resolutions were passed authorizing the usual contracts with the Newport Hospital, although some of the members thought that the Hospital did not want the contracts while others were sure that they did.

On recommendation of the committee on Mayor's inaugural, resolutions were adopted creating two commissions, one to study city charters, and the other to equalize and revalue the taxable property of the city. Both commissions were to serve without pay. There was some discussion over the tax commission, the members recalling a fiasco of several years ago along somewhat similar lines.

Charles E. Peckham and John Nelson, who have done business for a number of years under the firm name of Barker Bros. & Co., have dissolved partnership, and the business will be carried on by Mr. Nelson. Mr. Peckham has established a business under his own name being located near by.

The committee in charge of the Community Playhouse has secured the services of two well known professionals, Mr. Lionel Glenister and Miss Jessie Glendenning, who will form the nucleus of the stock company that will produce the leading plays here.

Colonel and Mrs. Edward A. Sherman are spending a few days in Boston.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The School Committee met and organized for the year on Monday evening, Thomas B. Congdon being elected chairman and Rev. Emory H. Porter D. D., vice chairman. The new members of the committee were sworn in by Superintendent Lull, except William P. Clarke, who was detained by illness.

After the routine business of the meeting had been disposed of there was some discussion over the needs of additional school accommodations in the northern part of the city. A committee has been studying the situation for some time, but Mr. Lull stated that the change in growth of the city would appear to require a new building north of the Coggeshall school, between Broadway and the railroad. The need is rapidly becoming more urgent and the committee were asked to complete their work as soon as possible.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

Because of the numerous cases of influenza in the city, it seemed best to the Board of Health to close the schools Monday, December 16, and not to wait until the end of the week, when the regular holiday vacation would begin. On Thursday, January 2, all restrictions were removed and all schools, both day and evening, opened on Monday, January 6. The closing caused the loss of one week.

The usual data for attendance cannot be given as the four-week period does not end until next Friday.

Board of Health

Since the last meeting the number of cases reported to this office was one for scarlet fever, one for diphtheria, and 13 for influenza—these numbers do not include the vacation. The pupils excluded, not ill, were 24.

Frederic W. Tilton

On Wednesday, December 16, the sole surviving trustee of the Rogers fund died. This fund of \$100,000 has been successfully administered, and the quarterly payments have always been anticipated by several days, especially at the end of the financial year, and when the books must be closed in the third week of December.

Mr. Tilton began his educational work in Newport February 1, 1867, as superintendent of schools. He resigned in the summer of 1871. On December 19, 1872, he was elected head master of the high school at \$3,500, although the new Rogers was not opened until September 8, 1873. Mr. Tilton's resignation as head master took effect February 15, 1890, but he offered to remain as a teacher until the end of the school year.

In addition to the Rogers Fund of \$100,000 Mr. Tilton was trustee of the Norman Rogers Library of \$10,000, also of the King Greek Medal Fund of \$2000, and of the Norman Medal Fund of \$500.

Mr. Tilton was a great factor in the educational progress of the city. It is very rare for a man to be intimately associated with the development of a high school for nearly half-century.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers) 68; number of cases of truancy (public 5, parochial 0, total 5; number out for illness and other causes, 63; number of different children truant, 5; number found not attending school, 6; number of certificates issued, 10.

Two boys (brothers) who have been habitual school truant and were to be sent to the Sockanosset School, were found to be mentally deficient and were placed at the school for Feeble-Minded at Exeter, R. I.

Secretary Daniels has asked Congress for an additional appropriation of \$450,000 for the Naval Training Station here. This is supposed to take care of a deficit from the previous year and also to include provision for the opening of the Coddington Point section when that is ready, as well as to provide for the purchase of the Huntington lands. The naval development here within the next year will be very great.

Mayor Mahoney has re-appointed John S. Tobin as chief of police for the term of three years and the appointment has been confirmed by the board of aldermen; members of the board taking advantage of the opportunity to speak in a highly commendatory manner of the increased efficiency of the force under Chief Tobin's administration.

A regiment of naval apprentices from the Training Station held a practice march through the city streets on Wednesday. It is decidedly unusual to have such a march at this time of the year, but was made possible by the open winter.

The graduating exercises of the Carlet School on the Cloyne grounds will be held on January 22, and this will be the fourth class to be graduated from that institution, under the charge of Lieutenant Alexander Hamilton Rice.

Work on the interior of the new Federal building is proceeding steadily and it will probably be only a few weeks now before it is ready for occupation.

JONES-NORMAN

St. Mary's Church in the town of Portsmouth never looked so lovely as it did on Wednesday when Miss Barbara Norman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Norman, was united in marriage to former Ensign Daniel William Jones, U. S. N. R. F., of St. Louis, Mo. The walls were entirely covered with southern smilax, at the base of the big beams were bouquets of Easter lilies, white carnations and asparagus fern. There were flowers tied with long streamers of white satin ribbon adorning the ends of the pews. The organ was covered with the vines and the roses seen was wound with ropes of laurel leaves. Laurel ropes were also used to adorn the brass rail enclosing the baptismal font. The font was filled with white roses and these flowers were used upon the altar. Palms were used in abundance, as were hemlock boughs.

Rev. Robert Bachman, Jr., acting rector, assisted by Rev. John N. Lewis, rector of St. John's Church, Waterbury, Conn., performed the ceremony. Mr. Edward Grinnell, U. S. N. R. F., played the wedding march. The bride entered the church upon the arm of her father. She looked beautiful in a gown of tulle and lace as worn by the Empress Josephine, over chiffon and white satin. Her veil was of the same lace, caught with a spray of orange blossoms. Her train was of white satin brocaded in silver thistles and was about eight feet long. The bridesmaids looked charming in gowns of Joffe blue chiffon over orchid shot satin, and large picture hats of shadow metal tissue and tulle. They carried bouquets of orchids to match their gowns. The maid of honor was Miss Alexandra Dolan. The bridesmaids were Misses Mary D. and Frances Jones, sisters of the groom, Miss Dorothy Willard, Miss Ellen Williams of Camden, South Carolina, Miss Barbara Loew and Miss Suzanne Pierson, all well known in Newport society. The best man was Lieutenant Frank James, U. S. N. R. F., and the ushers were Lieutenant Bradford Norman, U. S. N. R. F., brother of the bride, Lieut. John K. Brachvogel, Ensign Donald Bayne, Ensign F. Grotal, Ensign Duncan Hansen, Ensign Arthur L. Hickman and Ensign Marian Niedringham.

After the church ceremony a reception was held at Brook Farm and a wedding breakfast was served. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers. The Naval Reserve band played during the reception. During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Jones left by automobile for their honeymoon. They received many beautiful and valuable gifts. On Tuesday evening Miss Norman entertained the wedding party at the Muenchinger-King while Mr. and Mrs. Norman entertained a dinner party at the La Forge Cottage in honor of Mr. Breckenridge Jones, father of the bridegroom. Mrs. Jones was prevented by illness from coming for the wedding.

MALBONE LODGE VISITATION

Grand Warden James Robb and a suite of grand officers paid an official visit to Malbone Lodge No. 93, N. E. O. P., on Thursday evening, and installed the newly elected officers of the Lodge. There was an unusually large attendance of members, and all took occasion to express their satisfaction with their new lodge room in the Mercury Building. During the evening addresses were made by the visiting officers as well as others and a very pleasant social occasion was enjoyed. Refreshments were served.

The new officers of the Lodge are as follows:

Junior Past Warden—George Hanover.
Warden—Emily James.
Vice Warden—Mrs. George Hanover.
Chaplain—Harry Kauli.
Treasurer—Mrs. C. E. Goddard.
Financial Secretary—Charles Goddard.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. E. S. Campbell.
Guardian—Ardie Barker.
Sentinel—E. M. King.
Trustee for three years—Henry Maxwell.

The joint installation of the officers of the Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., and of the Women's Relief Corps, took place in Grand Army Hall on Tuesday evening, in the presence of a large gathering. The officers of the Post were installed by Past Commander Edwin H. Tilley, and of the Relief Corps by Mrs. Hattie Ford. A pleasant social evening was enjoyed.

Some 200 men have already reached the Training Station here from the Commonwealth Pier in Boston, and a large number more are expected before the end of the week.

FRANK L. DeBLOIS

Mr. Frank L. DeBlois, for many years a deputy sheriff of Newport County, and one of the most widely known men throughout the district, died at his home on Broadway late Wednesday evening after a long and painful illness. He had suffered from cancer of the tongue for a long time, and many months ago submitted to an operation by specialists in Baltimore, which relieved him for a time. The trouble recurred, however, and he had made several trips to Boston for treatment, but without avail. For a number of weeks he had been confined to his house, and for the last few weeks had been in a very critical condition. His death was not unexpected and came as an end to prolonged suffering which he had borne patiently and uncomplainingly.

Mr. DeBlois was nearly 58 years of age, and was a lifelong Newporter, being a son of the late John B. DeBlois, who conducted a grocery at the corner of Broadway and Farewell street for many years. Frank DeBlois was employed by his father during his early life, but after the business was sold he was attached to the sheriff's office and for many years had been a deputy sheriff. In this capacity he had made a reputation not only for efficiency, but also for a tender-heartedness which prompted him to do all in his power to relieve the distress of those in need, the duties of his office bringing him into contact with many in these circumstances. He was a fearless and resourceful officer of the law and had been placed in many trying situations. It was he who discovered portions of the body of a murdered woman in the Tiverton woods some years ago, this developing into the famous Bulgar Marsh mystery, and it was largely through his indefatigable efforts that the mystery was solved and the perpetrator brought to justice.

Mr. DeBlois was a member of St. John's Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M., Newport Chapter No. 2, R. A. M., DeBlois Council No. 5, R. & S. M., Washington Commandery No. 4, K. T. and of Weenat Shasit Tribe of Red Men. He was formerly a member of the Newport Artillery. In all these organizations he took a great interest, and by his genial personality and friendly demeanor had built up a wide circle of friends.

The funeral services will be held in St. John's Church on Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, the remains being escorted from the residence to the church by St. John's Lodge of Masons and Washington Commandery. The Masonic committal service will be conducted at the grave by the officers of St. John's Lodge, Henry A. Curtis, W. Master.

NEW STREET CARS

The Newport & Providence Street Railway Company has placed in service on the Training Station line two new closed cars of large capacity and modern equipment, which will go far toward relieving the congestion that has existed on that line at certain rush hours. At the busy times of the day Washington Square is filled with cars to handle the traffic. This line has handled a large amount of business during the war under rather adverse conditions, but has made every effort to comply with the demands upon it. One pleasing feature of the operations of this company is that their cars run almost exactly on regular schedule throughout the whole system.

Miss A. Katherine Jenckes, daughter of Mr. John Jenckes, was united in marriage on Wednesday to Lieutenant Albert Knox, U. S. N., the ceremony being performed in St. John's Church by Rev. Charles F. Beattie. The wedding was a very quiet one, and the attendants were Captain and Mrs. Reginald R. Belknap. Lieutenant Knox is attached to the battleship Wyoming in the capacity of dental surgeon and will be obliged to rejoin his ship at once. He is well known in Newport, being a graduate of the Rogers High School in the class of 1913.

In connection with the demobilization of troops in this Coast Defense District, the famous Coast Artillery Band has suffered. So many men have been mustered out of the service that the band is temporarily hors du combat. As the men are brought back from overseas duty the band will be brought up to full strength and will doubtless live up to its former reputation.

The Massachusetts State Council of Carpenters will hold a four days' session in Lowell, beginning February 17. Mr. Perry B. Dawley of this city has been appointed by the Rhode Island State Society a fraternal delegate to this Convention.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Four of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Borden have been suffering from influenza.

Mrs. J. R. Manchester, Jr., is ill with influenza at her home on Braman's Lane. Her mother, Mrs. W. G. Albrow, is caring for her.

Mrs. David B. Caswell is ill with influenza and three children are also ill with it. All are now improving.

Two of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Gideon W. Almy of Glen street, are seriously ill with influenza.

Miss Ruth Gray, who has been ill with influenza, is able to be out a little.

Mrs. Frank L. Tallman of Cosey Corner has been seriously ill for several days, and Mrs. Samuel A. Carter has been caring for her.

Sarah, wife of Philip Almy, of South Scituate, R. I., formerly of Portsmouth, died Thursday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clinton Hale, in Providence. The funeral was held at Mrs. Hale's home on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. The interment was in the family lot in St. Mary's churchyard, the funeral party coming by automobile. Mrs. Almy was in her 84th year. She is survived by her husband and by two daughters and one son: Edna, widow of Clinton Hale, Mary, wife of Lewis Clark, and George Almy, all of Providence; by six grandchildren and several great-grandchildren. The bearers were William W. Anthony of this town, Mr. George Almy and the Messrs. Boyce of Providence. Mr. and Mrs. Almy moved from here about thirty years ago, going to South Scituate, where they remained ever since.

A party of friends and neighbors met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren R. Sherman recently in honor of the 40th anniversary of their marriage. The evening was spent socially. Refreshments were served. The gathering was a complete surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Sherman.

The regular monthly meeting of the town council and court of probate was held at the town hall Monday afternoon, with all the members present.

The petition of the Bay State Street Railway for permission to trim trees, was allowed, the trimming to be done under the direction of the highway surveyors and with the consent of the abutting owners.

The petition of S. Kaufmann for a license to peddle dry goods and notions was denied.

A communication was received, complaining of the roads in general, and in District No. 4 in particular.

Statement of damage done by dogs to geese belonging to William W. Anthony, amounting to \$5.60; to hens belonging to Maud E. Weaver of Middletown, amounting to \$49.10; to hens belonging to Otto Ehrhardt of Middletown, amounting to \$85.10 were received and ordered paid according to law.

The president was appointed a committee to confer with Newport and Middletown as to collecting damages from the owner of the dogs.

The petition of Denis Birtwistle for a license to maintain a victualling house on his own premises, was received.

Mrs. Letitia Freeborn appeared in relation to the water flowing from Power street over her premises. She was given a hearing and Luther P. Chase and William B. Anthony were appointed a committee to give consideration to the matter.

Voted that a reward of \$20 be offered for the detention and conviction of any person or persons committing any nuisance in, or defacing in any way, any waiting room of the Newport & Providence Street Railway Company or of the Bay State Street Railway Company.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

In probate court the will of Marah J. Fogg was received and referred to the next meeting.

The will of Margaret L. Almy was received with the petition of Alvin Barker and Mabel Cornell, the executors named therein, for letters testamentary. Personal bond was required in the sum of \$150. No inventory was required.

The petition of Alvin Barker to be appointed administrator with the will annexed on the estate of Robert B. Almy was allowed. Personal bond was required in the sum of \$2000.

The petition of Mary V. Lopes that Antonia Deniz Silveria be appointed administrator of the estate of Joe V. Lopes, was received and allowed. Bond was required in the sum of \$900 with Manuel Alvaras as surety. Warren R. Sherman was appointed appraiser.

Several guardians' and administrators' accounts were referred to February 19.

Mrs. Abner P. Anthony and her daughters, Phoebe and Cornelia, are ill with influenza. Miss Phoebe Anthony is now able to sit up a little.

Mrs. Borden L. Sison is ill with influenza at her home on Middle Road.

Miss Josephine Fiske of Providence assisted Mrs. Kathryn Cooper at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday evening. A series of prayer meetings are being held here. On Tuesday evening Rev. George W. Manning preached at the church.

Mr. Frank Chase, who has been in the service of his country at Galveston, Texas, has returned to his home at the foot of Quaker Hill.

Mr. Ward Elliott, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, who has been at Camp Mills, Long Island, has been honorably discharged from the Army. Mr. Elliott is wearing one silver service stripe.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony has been spending several days with Mrs. George T. Almy of Fall River.

The THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.

RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER VII.

It was a time when everybody was cutting down appropriations, reducing expenses. Cities, counties, states, nations were all paying the penalty of former extravagances by present economies. Rich people were positively boastful of their penuries.

The three women assailed a list of things for Daphne's trousseau with the ruthlessness of an auditing committee. They cut out this and that, decided that this gown could be omitted or postponed, that waist could be had in a cheaper quality, these parasols were not really necessary, those stockings need not be so numerous all at once.

And yet even Mrs. Kip admitted that the whole array was far beyond the reach of her husband's means. Still she insisted that he could provide a partial trousseau at least. She herself would "go without things" for ten years if necessary.

Daphne, however, was haunted by the vision of her father's harrowed, money-hungry face. When her mother reminded her that it was his last chance to do anything for her, she retorted, "Yes, and it's my last chance to do anything for him."

Her pride was wrung by her plight. She must either go shabby or cause acute distress to one or both of the men that were dearest of all in the world to her. She must leave behind her a burden of debt as a farewell tribute to her father, or she must bring with her a burden of debt as her dot.

"No!" she cried, with a sudden impatient slash at the Gordian knot. "Clay will have to take me just as I am or take back his diamond ring he wished on me."

Her defiance was not convincing. Her mother protested:

"It's not Clay that you have to consider. He'll never know what you have on. It's the guests at the wedding—and your old friends and the neighbors. You don't want them to think we're poor and that your father is marrying you off cheap, do you?"

Daphne flared back. "It seems mighty foolish to go and make yourself really poor in order to keep from seeming poor, especially when you never fool anybody except yourself!"

Lella, with the magnanimity of a native spendthrift, tried to soothe the fever of the rebel: "Let's go prowling around, anyway. I may see something I want for myself. Bayard dragged me away from Paris before I had finished shopping. There are several things I need desperately."

The three wise women set forth: they joined the petticoated army pouring from all the homes like a levee en masse, a foray of pretty Huns.

They reached the alluring place where the famous Dutilh, like an amiable Mephistopheles, offered to buy souls in exchange for robes of angelic charm.

In the window, on a dummy, with no head, no feet, and a white satin bust hung a gown that seemed to cry aloud to Daphne:

"I belong to you and you belong to me! Fill me with your flesh and I will cover you with an aureole."

The three forlorn women understood the message instantly. They looked at one another, then, without a word, entered the shop, doomed in advance.

Lella was known to Dutilh and he greeted her with an extravagant impudence that terrified Mrs. Kip:

"You little devil!" he hissed. "Get right out of my theater. How dare you come here after letting somebody else build your trousseau?"

Lella apologized and explained and he pretended to be mollified as he pretended to have been insulted. Having

thus made the field his own, he turned to Daphne, studied her frankly with narrowed eyes as if she were asking to be a model, and sighed:

"Oh, what a narrow escape!" Daphne jumped and gasped, "From what?"

"That gown in the window, that Lavin that was born for you. You must have seen it—the afternoon one in parchment-toned taffeta and tulle."

The women, astounded by his intuition, nodded and breathed hard, like terrified converts at a seance. He was referring to the one that belonged to Daphne, and he ordered her to get into it at once.

She demurred: "I'm afraid of the price. How much is it, please?"

"Don't talk of money!" Dutilh stormed. "I hate it! Let's see the gown on you." He called one of his tawny manikins. "Help Miss Kip into this gown, Maryla."

A mournful-eyed beauty led Daphne into a dressing room and acted as maid. Daphne stepped out of her street suit into the Parisian froth as if she were going from chrysalis to butterfly. Maryla was murmurous with homage as she fastened it together and led Daphne forth.

Mrs. Kip felt as if she had surrendered a mere daughter and received back a seraphic changeling. Daphne was no longer a pretty girl; she was something ethereal, bewitched and bewitching. If she could own that gown her mother would be repaid for all her pangs from travail on. She would accept the gown as advance royalty on any future hardships.

Daphne looked about for Lella, but Lella was gone. She reappeared a moment later in a costume almost more delicious than Daphne's—a tunic of peach-blow tulle caught up with pink rosebuds and hanging from a draped bodice of peach-blow satin that formed a yoke low on the hips. And there was a narrow petticoat of peach-pink satin. It was as if peaches had a soul, as perhaps they have.

Perfect happiness is said to need a bit of horror to make it complete. The happiness of the two girls did not lack that element. The price of their glory furnished it. They asked the cost with anxiousness.

Said Dutilh: "To Miss Kip I'll let it go dirt cheap for three hundred and twenty-five. The one Miss—er—Mrs. Kip has on I'll give away for—ummm, well—say the same price."

Daphne and her mother were sickened. But Daphne was suffering one of those gusts of mania that ruin people. Her soul of souls clamored to wear that very gown that very afternoon. Even to take it off would hurt like slaying.

Lella had the same feeling. Her appetite for resplendent gowns had grown with exercise.

Dutilh took pity on them: "Look here," he said, "I'll make the price two hundred and seventy-five. It's giving them away, but you are such visions in them!"

It was a big reduction, but it left the price still mountain high. "I want something to wear tomorrow afternoon," Lella said. "I've got to go to a tea and my sister has to go with me."

Daphne had not heard of the tea, but she wanted somewhere to go in that gown.

Dutilh smiled: "Nothing easier. Take the duds with you or let me send them. Where are you living now?"

Lella made a confession: "The trouble is, Mr. Dutilh, that I'm just back from Paris and I haven't a cent left, and Miss Kip is buying her trousseau and has spent more already than she expected to."

Dutilh rose to the bait that he had expected them to dangle: "That's simple. Why not open an account with me? Take the gowns along and pay me when you like."

Lella mumbled, "I should have to ask my husband."

Daphne said, "My father wouldn't like me to start an account."

"Charge it to your sister's account, then, and pay her."

"You say you would charge them both to me?" said Lella.

"Certainly," said Dutilh.

"Send them, then," said Lella, with imperial brevity.

"Thank you," Dutilh smiled. "You shall have them this afternoon. And by the way, I've just remembered a marvelous design by Paul Poiret's. Let me show it to you."

"Come quick; let's run," said Daphne, and she hurried out of the infernal paradise.

They dawdled on, down the avenue, pausing at window after window, each flaunting opportunities for self-improvement. But Daphne's joy in her new gown was turning to remorse. She was realizing that that parchment-toned taffeta needed parchment-toned stockings and slippers and a hat of the same era as the gown.

She was startled from her reveries by the sudden gasp of Lella:

"If there isn't Tom Duane just coming out of his club!"

"I met him last night," said Daphne.

"You did? Did he say he knew me?"

"He said that Bayard stole you from him."

Lella was flattered, but loyal: "Non-sense. I was never his to steal. I



"He's Awfully Rich, I Suppose," Said Daphne.

never loved him, of course. It wouldn't have done any good if I had. Tom Duane's a nonmarrier."

"He's awfully rich, I suppose," said Daphne.

"No, not rich at all, as rich people go. But he was mentioned the other day in the will of an old aunt he used to be nice to. He's nice to everybody."

Duane met them, now and paused, bareheaded, to greet Daphne with flattering cordiality. She was greatly set up to be remembered. She presented him to her mother, who was completely upset at having to meet so famous an aristocrat right out in the street when she was still flustered over the ferocious price of Daphne's new dress.

"Will you have a bite of lunch with me?" asked Duane.

"We were just going to have something somewhere," said Mrs. Kip.

"My husband would object," said Lella.

"I'm not inviting you," said Duane. "I'm inviting the genuine Mrs. Kip. You may come along as old married chaperon, if you have to."

"But Miss Kip is engaged."

"So I suspected. That's why I'm inviting her. I feel safe."

As they turned east into Forty-fourth street and entered Delmonico's the carriage man saluted Duane, pedestrian as he was, called him by name, and seemed to be happier for seeing him. The doorman smiled and bowed him in by name, and Duane thanked him by name. The hat-boys greeted him by name and did not give him a check. The head waiter beamed as if a long-awaited guest of honor had come, and the captains bowed and bowed.

Duane did not ask his guests what they would have. The head waiter told him in a low voice what he ought to have.

Daphne rejoiced. All luxury was music to her. Fine clothes, fine foods on fine dishes, fine horses, motors, furniture, fine everything, gave her an exaltation of soul like the thrill of a religion.

New York was heaven on earth. The streets were gold, the buildings of Jasper, and the people angels—good angels or bad, as the case might be, but still angels. She wanted to be an angel.

Among the squads of men and women camped about the little tables she made out Sheila Kemble again, in a knot of elderly women of manifest importance.

"Isn't that Sheila Kemble?" Daphne asked.

"Yes, that's Sheila," said Duane, and he waved to her and she to him. He turned back to Daphne. "Awfully nice girl. Like to meet her?"

"I'm crazy to."

"I'd bring you together now, but she's completely surrounded by grandes dames."

He named the women, and Mrs. Kip gaped at them as if they were a group of Valkyrs in Valhalla. It startled her to see them paying such court to an actress. She said so.

"All great successes love one another," Duane explained. "Those old ladies were geniuses at getting horn in the best families, and Sheila has earned her place. She looks a bit like your daughter, don't you think?"

Mrs. Kip tilted her head and studied Miss Kemble and nodded. She made the important amendment: "She looks like she used to look like Daphne."

"That's better," said Tom Duane. "Miss Kip might be her understudy."

"How much does an understudy get?" said Daphne, abruptly.

"I haven't the faintest idea!" Duane exclaimed. "Not much, I imagine, except an opportunity."

"Is it true that Miss Kemble makes so much?"

"I'd like to trade incomes with her, that's all. Her manager, Reben, was telling me that she would clear fifty thousand dollars this year."

Mrs. Kip was aghast. Daphne was electrified. She surprised Duane with another question: "You said Miss Kemble was married?"

"Yes, and has children, and loves her husband. But she couldn't stand idleness. She's just come back to the stage after several years of rusting in a small city."

Daphne fired one more question point-blank: "Do you think I could succeed on the stage?"

"Why not?" he answered. "You have—with your mother's permission—great beauty and magnetism, a delightful voice, and intelligence. Why shouldn't you succeed? You would probably have a peek of trouble getting started, but—do you know any managers?"

"I never met one."

"Well, if you ever decide that you want to try it, let me know, and I can probably force somebody to give you a job."

"I'll remember that," said Daphne, darkly.

She said nothing more while the luncheon ran its course.

The women got rid of Tom Duane gracefully—Lella asked him to put them in a taxicab, as they had still much shopping to do. They rode to a department store, and Lella started another account. They rode back to the apartment. There they found a day letter from Daphne's father to her mother.

"As you see by papers big Cowper firm failed today for ten million dollars this hits us hard you better come home not buy anything more situation serious but hope for best don't worry well love."

Mrs. Kip dropped into a chair. The shock was so great that it shook first from her a groan of sympathy for her husband.

"Your poor father! And he's worked so hard and been so careful!"

Bayard came home late for dinner and in a state of grave excitement. The great Cowper wholesale establishment had fallen like a steeple, crushing many a house. Indirectly it had ruined the firm.

had stopped the banks from granting an important loan. Bayard spent a bad day downtown. The news of his father's distress was a heavy blow. But he tried to dispense encouragement to the three women who could not quite realize what all the excitement was about, or why the disaster of a big chain of wholesale stores would be of any particular importance to them.

Bayard was just saying: "I tell you, Lella honey, I was the wise boy when I grabbed you, for now I've got you, and I need you. Thank the Lord I'm not loaded up with debt. I've kept clear of that."

Lella said nothing, but thought hard. Bayard was silent. Later the door-bell rang and a young sewing girl brought two big boxes from Dutilh's. They were so big that there was no concealing them. Lella made a timid effort to escape with hers, but Bayard was full of a cheerful curiosity:

"What's all that, honey?"

"Oh, it's just a—little thing I picked up today at Dutilh's."

"What is it, a scarf or something? Give a fellow a look at it."

He began to untie the knot. Sealed across the cord was an envelope, with a statement. Bayard tore it free. Lella snatched at it. Bayard laughed and dodged her. Lella pursued. It was a ghastly game of tag for her, and Daphne and her mother looked on in guilty dread. Bayard, whooping with laughter, dashed into his room and closed the door, held it fast while Lella pounded and pleaded with him.

His laughter was quenched sharply. There was a silence. He opened the door and walked out, a sickly pallor at his lips; the statement in his hand:

"This can't be right, honey; Bayard Kip to Dutilh, debtor. Peach-blow satin gown—two hundred and seventy-five dollars. The price is ridiculous, and I have no account there."

"He—he insisted on my opening one."

"But I don't want to open any accounts. I pay my bills in thirty days or discount them for cash. I can't pay this in thirty days. Every penny I can see ahead of me is laid out."

"I'm sorry," Lella faltered. "You said the times were getting better."

"I thought they were. I hoped they were. But they've gone bad again. Besides, I was trying to cheer you up, to give you a happy honeymoon. And I bought you everything you saw abroad. And it wasn't enough! When will you get enough clothes?"

Lella had stared incredulously at the calamitous result of her tender impulse to beautify herself in his eyes. Then tears came gushing and she ran to her room and locked the door.

Bayard did not follow her. He turned for comfort to his mother and Daphne. He noted the other box. Daphne had not dared to open it.

Bayard ripped the envelope from its cord and read:

"Bayard Kip to Dutilh, Dr. Parchment-toned gown, for Miss Daphne Kip, two hundred and seventy-five dollars."

He was parchment-toned himself as he shook the statement at Daphne, and whispered, huskily, "What's this?"

Daphne could not muster any courage. She explained with craven remorse, "I saw a gown that I—I needed there, and I—I offered to let it on your account till I could get the money."

Bayard was choked with wrath and a terror greater than hers. "I go to my office and work like a fiend all day, and I come home to find that my wife and my sister have run me into debt for—five hundred and fifty dollars. And the firm, the big firm I work for, had to extend a note for seven hundred and fifty because we couldn't meet it!"

His mother tried to stem the tide of Bayard's rage, to turn his wrath with a soft answer:

"I guess it's all my fault, honey. The dresses looked so pretty on the girls I urged them to take them. You ought to see how beautiful they are. Go put the dress on, Daphne, and let your brother see how sweet you look in it."

"Sweet! She looks sweet in it! It's beautiful! And that justifies anything. Lord, what did you make 'em out of, these women?"

Mrs. Kip nudged Daphne and whispered, "Go on, put the dress on; let him see you in it."

She spoke with great candor, but Daphne stared at her with derision, and edged away and spoke in a tone as biting as cold blue vitriol.

"Put it on, mother! Do you think I'd ever wear the thing? I'll send it back tomorrow morning at daybreak. And I'll never take a thing that any man pays for as long as I live."

Bayard roared at her over his shoulder: "You won't take anything that any man pays for, eh? What are you going to live on—air?"

She answered him, grimly, "There are several million women in this country earning their own living, and I'm going to be one of them."

His comment was a barking. "Bah!"

She lunged the box away to her room. Bayard flung himself into a chair and

listened to the cauldron of his own hateful thoughts. Gradually they ceased to bubble and stew. He could hear now the tattered beat of Lella's sorrow. He resisted it for a while, sneered at it, raged at it, and then at the cruelty of the world.

Lella's sobs had stopped now and Bayard listened for them anxiously. Perhaps she had died of grief. A lasso seemed to have caught him about the shoulders; it was dragging him to the door.

He went there at last, and listened. He heard a low whimpering, unendurably appealing. He tapped on the door and called through it.

"Lella, honey love, forgive me. I've seen the little gown. It's beautiful. You shall have it—and a dozen like it. Please forgive me and love me again. And I'll buy you anything you want. Please. Please don't keep me standing outside your door. Honey! Lella love!"

The door opening, he slipped through to take refuge with his Lella. A moment later the doorbell rang. Daphne checked the maid whose ears had been fascinatingly entertained, and told her that if the caller were Mr. Wimburn he was to wait outside in the hall. It was Wimburn and Daphne went out to him. He greeted her with the zest of a young lover. Daphne gave him a cold cheek to kiss, and then, pulling her engagement ring from her finger, placed it in his hand.

"What—what's this, Daphne?" he stammered.

"It's your ring. I'm giving it back. The engagement is off—indeinitely."

"For heaven's sake, why? What have I done?"

"Nothing. Neither have I. But I'm going to do something."

"What are you going to do, Daphne?"

"I don't know—but something."

"Don't you love me any more?"

"Just as much as ever—more than ever. And I'll prove it, too."

"Prove it by putting the ring back on."

"Never! Send it back and save your money. That's what I'm going to do with what I've bought. Kiss me good night and go, please."

She left him outside and closed the door as lovingly as she could.

While Clay waited for the elevator to come up and take him down he stared at the ring with sheep's eyes, tossed it, and caught it awkwardly, and laughed and almost spoke his thought aloud:

"Funny thing. I haven't paid for it yet. Got an insulting letter from the Jeweler, too, this very afternoon."

But Daphne was thumbing the telephone book to see if she could find Tom Duane's number.

CHAPTER VIII.

She failed to run Duane to earth in the telephone book. She was at a loss for another source of directions. She was new to New York and did not know how to set out on such a pursuit.

She went to her room, and found her mother there, dismally engaged in

writing a letter to her father, breaking to him the dreadful news that the trousseau was to cost far more for far less. She was asking for extra money at once. Daphne smiled bitterly and said: "Rub it out and do it over again, mamma. There ain't goin' to be no trousseau. No wedding bells for me."

Mrs. Kip rolled large eyes in Daphne's direction and looked deaf. Daphne held out her denuded engagement finger in proof that she and Clay were detrothed.

"Good gracious!" was Mrs. Kip's profane comment. "Why on earth did you—"

"Because I'm too expensive for him."

"What are you going to do—go back to Cleveland and tell everybody that you're not going to get married, after all this trouble?"

"No, I'm not going back to Cleveland, and I am going to get married—but later, much later."

"I hate conundrums," said Mrs. Kip. "Better tell me the answer, for I won't guess. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to lend a hand," said Daphne. "Do my share. Get a job and earn my board and keep."

"Heaven help us! You've gone crazy!" Mrs. Kip exclaimed. "You get to bed and you'll feel better in the morning. I'll finish my letter."

She added, unbeknownst to Daphne, a postscript as long as the letter, contradicting all she had just written and urging her husband to come East at once and take charge of his unruly daughter. She dropped it in the mail chute, and it fell into a bottomless pit, along with her other hopes.

Daphne and her mother were uneasy at the prospect of the breakfast counter with the bridal couple. There had been a sense of strain the first morning. But now a bitter, quarrel had intervened—that first ugly quarrel when the wedge of finance is driven between united hearts.

Bayard and Lella, however, arrived at the table all smiles, more amorous than ever. Lella wore a triumphant smile, such as Delilah must have worn the second time she went out walking with her big beau.

It was plain to the anxious eyes of Mrs. Kip and Daphne that Lella had emerged from the quarrel with all the loot and aggravated power.

She had taken advantage of her husband's trust and abused his generosity recklessly, with no more evil motive, indeed, than the wish to beautify herself in his honor, and yet with recklessness.

It was not altogether Lella's fault if the lesson she learned, perhaps unconsciously, from the combat was something like this:

"I ran my husband into debt without consulting him. His listless love woke from its torpor and enchanted me with a first-class demonstration of its energy. He stormed. I went thrillingly. He apologized, begged to be permitted to bring me some more nice things. Ergo, when home life grows dull, I can always stir up the fire by buying something we can't afford. When I want anything I must get it. I shall be scolded, then kissed and treated with awe. If I hadn't bought it I wouldn't have had it, nor the bonus that goes with it; if we had not quarreled we should have missed the rapture of 'making up.'"

This is one of the first lessons that certain sorts of husbands teach to certain sorts of wives.

When the man of the house had departed for his office, and the waiter had carried off the breakfast relics, the three women were left alone in a completely feminine conclave. They faced life like three Norms: the old mother, the new wife, and the deferred wife, each from her coign of disadvantage.

The two married women turned on the maid, with common resentment. They were married and dependent and she had her independence. They were Tories and she a Whig. It was their privilege to rule at things as they were, but it was their religion to frown on changing them. Mrs. Kip senior spoke for Mrs. Kip junior.

"Now, Daphne, tell us what is this new foolishness all about?"

Daphne answered, stoutly: "It's not foolishness. It's the first glimmer of sense I've ever had. I'm sick of the idea of always living on the mercy of some man, taking his charity or his extravagance. I've always been a drag on poor daddy, and I was getting ready to shift my weight over to poor Clay's back. But I don't think a woman ought to be dependent on a man. I think she ought to bear her share of the burden."

"As if she didn't!" Mrs. Kip broke out. "As if the home weren't just as much labor as the office."

Lella attacked her from another direction. "For goodness' sake, Daphne, don't lose your head. Don't you imagine for a moment that a husband will be happier and love his wife better because she earns wages. The harder you work for men, the better they like somebody else. The harder a man works for you the better he likes you. Best of all, he loves the woman that tries to break him."

Daphne's answer was a snappy: "I don't believe it! I'd despise a man that felt that way."

The three women wrangled with wise saws and modern instances, and they were in a perilous state of dissension when the telephone rang. Lella answered it and her outcries of indignation alarmed Mrs. Kip and Daphne till

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time table Revised Nov. 21, 1918.
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston, week days, 5.35, 6.50, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 3.10, 5.05, 6.15 (for Fall River), 9.10 p. m.
Sundays—Leave Newport 6.55, 7.55, 11.10 a. m., 3.10, 5.05, 7.10 (for Fall River), 9.10 p. m.
Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 3.10, 5.05, 6.15 (Portsmouth only), 9.10 p. m.
Taunton—6.45, 6.50, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 3.10, 5.05, 6.15, 9.10 p. m.
Middleboro—8.10 p. m.
Plymouth—8.10 p. m.
New Bedford—6.15, 6.50, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 3.10, 5.05, 6.15, 9.10 p. m.
Providence (via Fall River)—6.55, 6.50, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 3.10, 5.05, 6.15, 9.10 p. m.

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

JUNE 1, 1918

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

THE THIRTEENTH COMMAND- MENT

gown that she had bought of him on credit.

She had left the house without returning it and she was afraid that there would be difficulties if she delayed. Fortunately there had been no alterations in the gown.

Perhaps there is no form that Satan takes oftener than that of a fashionable gown. In that shape he offers women the obsequies of the world. But Daphne resisted him and said to Lella: "Get thee behind me, Satan! I'm going to return this gown and let Dutilh give Bayard credit for it. I won't look at another gown till I can pay for it out of my own earnings. I'll not get married till I can buy the rest of my trousseau myself. I've decided that an independent woman must buy her own trousseau."

Even in the eyes of ambition this promised to require a fairly long period—a period so lengthy that she wondered if Clay's love would outlast it.

She did love him and the thought of losing him alarmed her more than the thought of losing the precious gown.

Lella woke from her meditation with a sudden "Come along; we must dress for the tea-fight."

Mrs. Kip, senior, amused the young Kips by thinking aloud: "I wonder if that nice Mr. Duane will be at the tea."

"Oh! shame! shame!" cried Lella. "It's a regular intrigue. No, he won't be there. Telephone him at the Racquet club and he'll come to you. He's usually there."

She did not see the start the artless hint gave Daphne, who had learned by accident what she had not known how to find out otherwise. Daphne concealed her agitation in the brightness with which she concluded the affair of the Dutilh gown. She folded it up and laid it back in the box as if it were a baby she was about to leave on a doorstep. She kissed it good-by and put the lid over it and tied it up with a crazy combination of strings of various sorts.

She refused to go to the tea party, now that the gown was lost, and she said she had letters to write.

But when her mother and Lella had left her she wrote only one letter—a note of regretful rejection to Dutilh. She placed it in the box and sent it off by a messenger. Then she telephoned to Tom Duane.

She did not quite realize the temerity of calling a man at his club, and Tom Duane misunderstood her, imputed her innocence to his opposite. He remembered her as a pretty thing. If she were brazen—well, he liked brass in certain forms. When she said that she wanted to have a serious talk with him at his convenience, he made it the immediate moment at the cost of breaking an engagement at tennis.

He asked her if she would not meet him somewhere for tea, but she said that she preferred to see him at her brother's apartment. His invitation aroused her suspicion. Her invitation confirmed his.

Daphne's heart was beating excitedly while she waited for him and she began to feel that she had put herself in a wrong light. When Duane arrived and the maid showed him into the living room Daphne tried to redeem herself by a businesslike directness.

"Mr. Duane, you must think it very peculiar of me to drag you up here," "I think it's mighty kind of you," "You say that before you hear what I'm going to ask you. I'm going to ask you to do me a tremendous favor."

"That will be doing me a tremendous favor," he said.

Then she amazed him with her request: "You offered yesterday—of course I know you didn't mean it—but you offered to get me a job with a theatrical manager."

Duane's hospitable smile hardened into a grimace of anxiety. He mumbled, "Oh, yes."

"You know Mr. Raven—or whatever his name is—very well, don't you?" "Mr. Raven—oh, yes—yes, I know him fairly well."

"I want to go on the stage. Would you dare introduce me to Mr. Raven?" "Indeed I will, and proud to do it."

"Do you think he'll give me a job?"

"I'll make him."

"How can I ever repay you?"

Her hand went out to him and he took it and squeezed it, and it squeezed back gratefully. But he did not let go. Duane seemed to be excited suddenly.

Daphne drew her hand back, but his came with it, and he followed close upon. There was a look in his eyes that made her uneasy. His voice was uncertain as he said:

"You can repay me easily enough, if you want to."

"I do. But how? How?" she asked anxiously, not quite daring to wrench her hand free.

"By—by being—by being kind to me."

"Kind? How?"

He did not answer with words, but he lifted her hand with both of his to his lips. It was an act of old-fashioned gallantry that could hardly be resisted. But, manlike, having made a formal surrender, he tried to take command. One hand held hers, the other swept round her shoulders and pressed her against him, without roughness yet with strength. His lips moved now, not toward her hand, but toward the sacredness of her mouth.

CHAPTER IX.

Daphne bent her head so quickly that his pressed lips touched her hair. She swung backward and thrust him away and broke from his hold.

"Agh!" she groaned. "I suppose I deserve the insult for trusting you."

"I didn't intend it for an insult!"

He followed her with pleading arms.

She backed away and found herself in a corner, flushed, furious, at bay.

"How dare you?" she stormed, and thought with nausea how often the phrase had been used and with what hypocrisy.

It seemed to fall familiarly on his ear, for he laughed comfortably. "How can I help it?"

"If you touch me I'll—I'll hit you."

He paused, stared deep into her eyes. "Do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it."

"I'm sorry," he sighed. "But won't you let me explain?"

"You don't have to. It's all my fault for inviting you here."

"Oh, no, I beg you not to think that I'm such a cad."

"Please go!"

"All right!" he murmured, and left the room.

She heard his stick rattle as he took it from the umbrella jar. She thought: "There goes my opportunity—my career! Well, let it go! It wasn't worth the price!"

Duane appeared at the door again to say: "Oh, by the way, that introduction to Mr. Raven. Do you still want it?"

"No, thank you, not from you. Good-by."

He bowed farewell, then changed his mind, entered the room and sat down, and motioned her to a seat as if it were his house.

"Miss Kip, may I say one word to you? I don't pretend to understand you women people. I'm not sure now just how sincere you are, just how much of a daisy you may think me for being rebuffed so easily. Experience is no guide. But—well—anyway—what I wanted to say is this—there is hardly any man that would even bother a woman unwilling to be bothered if he could only be certain that he was really bothering her. Do I make myself clear?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, then, I give up. But I must leave you a bill of advice. You say you want to earn money. If you do, on the stage or in any other business, you will meet a lot of men who will feel it their duty to try to kiss you at the first opportunity. It's not only because you are so pretty, for I really believe the homeliest girls get the most kisses. Perhaps it's because they're not so particular—but, anyway, it's not because men are villains that they try to kiss women, but because they're obliging. There is an old superstition—I don't know how false it is, or how true; no man can know—but there is a tradition that every woman expects every man she meets to offer her an insult—that's the technical term—as soon as they are alone."

"That feeling is what women are going to run into every time they try to force their way into business. It will die out, I suppose, to a certain extent, as you crowd into our field. It will be one of the last privileges you'll lose. You're already permitted to stand up in street cars and go out after dark alone. By and by you will have to make your advances to the men yourselves in the frankest manner, instead of subtly as now."

Daphne broke in coldly, "That will be a very welcome day to most of us."

Somehow it did not sound convincing to her. There was grave conviction, however, in his response:

"It will be a mighty welcome day to us poor men, Miss Kip. For most men haven't the faintest desire to spoon with women. It's hard enough for some of them to keep their own sweethearts and wives sufficiently caressed. Then there's another thing—if I'm not boring you—I haven't made as long a speech since I was a school-boy and recited 'Spartacus to the Gladiators.'"

"Go on, please," said Daphne. "A woman doesn't often get the chance of hearing a man tell the truth about these things."

Her sarcasm chilled him a little, but he went on:

"I just want to say this—it's an old man's advice to a young woman going into business: when a man asks for a job he brings references, and they are investigated; or he answers a lot of questions, and he is given a trial. Or when two men meet in a club or elsewhere they shake hands. That handshake itself is a kind of investigation of character. They learn

each other's politics and religion and prejudices as soon as they can."

"So when a man meets a woman he is apt to be thrown with a good deal he is apt to say, 'What sort is she?' But the thing that annoys a man most about having to do business with a woman is the fear that he will either compromise her or disappoint her. That's the first problem to get out of the way; and there's nothing easier for a woman to do than to convince a man that she doesn't want him to try to flirt with her—if she doesn't."

Daphne cried, "In heaven's name, tell me how it's done."

"The way to convince him is to be convinced yourself. If you're sincere he'll know it."

"But I was sincere with you, and you didn't know it."

"I didn't know it at first, but I soon did—I think—and now that's what I'm driving at all this long while. If you're going into business competition with men, play fair. Every now and then one of them, as soon as he finds himself alone with you, will be polite enough to insult you. But the average man will let you alone if you'll let him alone. Suppose he does make a mistaken advance, if you could be sensible enough not to get mad, not to feel besmirched, but just take it as a matter of course and say frankly: 'No, thanks, I'm not interested. I understand you perfectly, but you needn't bother,' or something like that, and say it honestly, the rest would be plain sailing."

"And now, if you'll forgive me for talking your arm off and if you'll prove it by letting me help you, I'll promise never to kiss you or try to till—till you ask me to."

Daphne laughed refreshingly at his impudence, and he laughed, as well as he might. And they shook hands with comradeship.

"And may I arrange for you to meet Reben?"

"I hate to ask you now. I've no right to trouble you. But I'm terribly anxious to get a job."

"And I'm terribly anxious to get you one."

"You're awfully kind," she said, and led him to the telephone.

She felt that it would be indelicate to listen, and went back into the living room of the apartment. There Duane joined her in a few moments with the terrifying news that Reben had said that he might have a chance to place her at once if she could come to his office without delay.

Opportunity bounding out at her like a jack-in-the-box alarmed her. But she faced it pluckily. She put on her hat with trembling hands and went down in the elevator with Duane.

They went up in an elevator at one side of the lobby of the theater and stepped out at Reben's office door. A number of somber and despondent persons of a theatrical complexion were waiting there also, the wretched Lazaruses of art.

Duane spoke to a respectful office boy, who disappeared through a door and returned to beckon him in. With heart bounding high and bubbling at her throat Daphne entered the theatrical world by one of its most gilded portals.

The great Reben sat bulky behind an ornate table-desk and dismissed a still more ornate stenographer with a nod as he rose to greet Duane.

Duane did the honors: "Mr. Reben, I want to present you to Miss Kip, Miss Daphne Kip."

Reben greeted her with suavity and his eyes were even more enthusiastic than his words. Daphne was at her superlative degree and anxiety gave her a wistfulness that was appealing to Reben. Women's charms and wistfulness made up a large part of his wares in trade.

"Have you had any experience?"

"None."

"Studied elocution?"

"Never. I never spoke a piece in my life."

"Good! Amateur theatricals?"

"Never. I never seemed to care for them."

"Better yet! What makes you think you want to act now?"

"Money. I want to earn money—get rich."

"I see," said Reben, and fell into a profound meditation, studying Daphne searchingly.

Duane seized the opportunity to rise and say: "Well, I'll leave you two together to talk terms. It would be indelicate for me to know just how rich Miss Kip is going to be."

He had no sooner gone than Reben's manner changed slightly and Daphne's courage vanished. Reben paced the floor as he talked. His path kept slowly closing in around her like the walls in Poe's story.

"You look like Miss Kemble," he said. "You have somewhat the same temperament. You like her style of play. That may be your line. I can't tell. Of course I don't know how well you can act. Perhaps you never could. Kemble is great, but she comes of an old theatrical family. Of course you have one great capital—your beauty; for you are very beautiful, Miss Kip. Very. Let me see your eyes!"

He had a right to ask if he were going to hire her eyes, but she looked up bravely at him. His left hand was on the arm of the chair, his right on the back of it. His left hand was gradually enveloping hers. It was a fat, hot hand, and his face was so close that it was blurred in her vision.

Then she remembered Duane's words. She controlled herself enough to put them to the test.

She pretended to look coldly into Reben's face, and she said, with a brave show of calm: "Mr. Reben, I didn't come here to flirt with you and I don't intend to. I came here for a job as an actress. If this sort of thing is a necessary part of the job I'll go somewhere else."

Reben backed away and stared at her. He was rendered foolish by her rebuff and he stammered, "Why, I— I meant no harm."

She went on with the Duane system of treatment: "I know you didn't. You meant to be polite, but you don't have

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NOTICE

OFFICE OF
Newport Gas Light Co.

181 THAMES ST.

No Coke will be sold or orders received for same until further notice.

Newport Gas Light Co.

He pressed a button on his desk once, then twice. The office boy appeared, followed by the stenographer. Reben said to the boy: "Is Mr. Batterson here? Send him to me." To the stenographer he said: "Fill out a contract for Miss Kip—Miss— What's the first name? Miss Daphne Kip. Salary, twenty-five. Make it a three-year contract."

Reben motioned her absently to her chair and said, rather for Duane's sake than for hers, she felt: "Sit down, won't you, till the contracts come? and pardon me if I—"

He finished the phrase by the deed. The office routine went on and Daphne might have been the chair she sat in, for all the attention he paid her. She felt rather ungallantly ignored. Still, she had asked to be treated on a business basis. He was taking her at her word.

Before the contracts were ready Mr. Batterson appeared. He was one of Reben's stage managers, a worried, emotional little man, worn to shreds with his task of stimulating and correcting the emotions by which others earned their wages and fame.

Reben introduced him to Daphne and explained her new office. Batterson seemed none too well pleased with the news that Daphne was ignorant of stage work to the last degree. He had found it hard enough to make the experienced actors read their lines as they must be read and keep on reading them so. To teach this dramatic infant how to walk and talk was an unwelcome labor.

He took Daphne into his office and pulled out a set of parts. When she stumbled over them he cast his eyes heavenward in his swift impatience. He explained them with a vinegary gentleness. He talked to her of the canons of interpretation. He walked through her scenes and spoke her lines for her again and again and yet again. But somehow he could not teach her.

He tried everything but beating her. He flattered her, wheedled her, parodied, satirized, rebuked her, and occasionally he cursed her. She did not rebel even against his profanity, because she had no confidence in herself to support her resistance. She felt that she was far worse than he said she was when he said she was worst. She used all her funds of resolution in keeping from throwing down the part and running away in tears. She had none left for asserting her right to politeness.

Once Daphne was out in the street again and released from the ordeal of pleasing Batterson, youth and ambition brought hope back again. Broadway at twilight was athrob with enthusiasm and she caught zest from the crowds. She was going home to study, carrying her little set of textbooks like a schoolgirl. But she felt the wings of conquest flapping at her ankles or the wheel of fortune spinning under her toes.

Her very first effort had succeeded. She was a woman with a salary. She would be no longer a parasite on any man. She had a career and a business as well as the best of them.

To be continued.

Suspicious.

The professor regarded, with an eye of suspicion, the small, yellow cube the waiter had brought him. "I take thee," he murmured, "for butter—or worse."—Boston Transcript.

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AGE 50 6.64 per cent. per annum

AGE 55 7.44 " "

AGE 60 8.52 " "

AGE 65 10. " "

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to be so polite to me. I don't expect it and I don't like it."

"All right, all right!" Reben growled, pacing the floor again, but in a constantly receding path. He did not speak. He felt that he had made a fool of himself, and he was embarrassed.

Daphne was so frightened with her success that she got to her feet, saying: "I suppose this means that you don't want me to work for you. It's true, then, what they say about the stage."

"Nonsense! Of course not! Rot! I never see most of my people except at rehearsals or performances. I've never spoken to three-quarters of 'em. If you want a job you can have it, and no concessions are necessary. You don't have to make love to me. You make love to the audience, and if you can capture that you can slap my face every time you see me."

Daphne was astounded. She was engaged! She was exultant and thrilled with gratitude to Duane for introducing her to this marvelous opportunity and for the wisdom of his counsel.

Reben said: "The general understudy of the Kemble company has grown tired of waiting for a chance

to appear in public. She's quitting me this week for a small part in a road company. You can have her place if you want it. Do you?"

"You bet—er—indeed I do. How often does an understudy play?"

"As rarely as possible."

Daphne's joy turned to lead.

Reben added: "But we don't pay by performances. I'll pay you twenty-five a week. You wanted money. There's a little of it for a start. Do you want it?"

"Will it lead to anything better?"

"Am I to understudy Miss Kemble?"

"Yes, and all the other women roles."

"And when do you suppose I'll get a chance to play Miss Kemble's part?"

"Never, I hope."

"That's encouraging!"

"If Miss Kemble fell ill we'd ordinarily refund the money, because she's the star. But sometimes we might have to give a performance at short notice. Chances in the other parts might come any day."

"And you'll give me a better chance when you can?"

"Indeed I will. If you have the gift, the sooner I find it out and the harder I work it the more money I make. The more you earn the more I make. I'd like to pay you ten thousand a week."

"I'd like to have you. All right, I'll try."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Mercury.

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, January 18, 1919



World-wide prohibition is now the slogan of the temperance workers of this country.

The Muns destroyed property in Northern France to the value of thirteen billions of dollars. They should be made to pay for this.

Two more states, Wyoming and Missouri, on Thursday ratified the prohibition amendment, making 38 in all. At least ten more states are sure to act favorably on the amendment.

McAdoo's request for government control of railroads for five years longer will not be granted by Congress. After twenty-one months the roads will doubtless be returned to their owners.

One of the ablest men in the country today is Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. The Republicans might go farther and fare worse than to make him their candidate in 1920. Would that he were President now.

The absence of the President from the country with Congress in session will make it absolutely necessary for an extra session of Congress after March 4th. The President is some thing of an absolute monarch, but he will hardly assume to run the country without some aid from Congress.

Massachusetts Congressmen, Republicans and Democrats alike, are up in arms against General Pershing. Congressman Galavan, democrat, gave the General a most scathing trouncing in Congress the other day for his alleged treatment of General Edwards and the men of the 26th Division. It looks as though General Pershing's Presidential doom would die a boom-crang.

The brewers of the country are going to contest the legality of the adoption of the prohibition Constitutional amendment on the ground that several of the states that have approved of the amendment by their legislators require a referendum before the acts of the legislature become valid. If such is the case its only effect would be to delay the adoption as prohibition is sure to come.

The city of Newport will hereafter be a million dollar city. It is within the memory of some of the members of the present city government when the entire tax list for Newport was only fifty thousand dollars. The amount required to run the city has almost doubled since the present mongrel charter went into effect. It would seem to be about time the city had a charter under which somebody could be held responsible for the expenses of the municipality.

Since the government took over the express companies the business, like everything else the government handles, has been abominable. Recently the publishers of the Mercury sent a small package to the State House, Providence. It was put into the express office here early Monday. It was delivered in Providence late Friday afternoon. Five days between Newport and Providence is probably what the government calls rapid transit.

Railroad accidents under government management are almost daily occurrences. Two very disastrous accidents where many lives were lost are reported this week. One was in New York State where one fast train crashed into another standing still on the track and killing some twenty-five people. All these were in the sleeper. The other was near Philadelphia where nine persons were killed. Is it not about time that the owners of the roads took a hand in the management.

Sufficient states have now ratified the prohibition constitutional amendment to make it the law of the land. The following states have declared in the affirmative by large majorities: Kentucky, Virginia, Mississippi, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Arizona, Delaware, Texas, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Georgia, Louisiana, Florida, Michigan, Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Idaho, Maine, West Virginia, Washington, California, Indiana, Arkansas, Illinois, North Carolina, Kansas, Alabama, Iowa, Colorado, Oregon, New Hampshire, Utah and Nebraska. Thirty-six in all, which is all that is necessary although many more will ratify it. The liquor interests of the country have raised a big corruption fund to defeat the operation of the law if possible. It will be of no avail, for the amendment has been ratified in the way provided by the Constitution itself and it cannot be recalled on technicalities. After July 1st next there will be universal prohibition throughout Uncle Sam's domains.

MISS DR. KATE STANTON

The following appreciative tribute to one of Newport's well known and much beloved women was written a number of years ago by one of the editorial staff of the Providence Journal. Miss Stanton and her brother, Dr. Nathaniel G. Stanton, have long been among Newport's much respected and honored citizens.

Miss Kate Stanton, a Rhode Island girl of ancient, honorable, and patriotic parentage, was born at Charlestown, R. I., April 1, 1838, within sight of the Ocean, a spot particularly adapted to the development of her active and poetic nature.

Though distinguished from her childhood in the social circle in which she moved, which has ever been of the best in point of intelligence, good breeding and aristocratic surroundings, by dint of her peculiar nature and culture she firmly took her position among the leading spirits of her sex, and made a distinctive and important mark.

After enjoying an education which comprehended the classics, especially Greek, of which she was particularly fond, and mathematics to a considerable extent, pursuing her studies at the same time, she was not long in so demonstrating a special aptitude to the instructive duties as to be called to an excellent position in the celebrated school of Dr. Van Norman in New York where she became a great favorite. At length, possessed with an insatiable desire to see something of European Life and Art, and to pursue German and French literature under native masters and savants, Miss Stanton went abroad in company with her eldest brother, Dr. Nathaniel Greene Stanton, of Newport. After one year, he returned, leaving Miss Kate alone, with her great independence and self-reliance. Miss Stanton travelled through the various European capitals alone, untrammelled by such fashionable travellers, or customary companions du voyage, as are apt to attach themselves, and become a burden or are of no assistance at least, to one of her nature and thus was she enabled to see more and mingle more with the people of those countries than do most travellers; for weeks at a time not speaking a word of English.

After three years in Europe, Miss Stanton determined on the study of law, which she pursued according to her opportunities, for several months as Librarian of the State and Bar Law Library at the State House in the City of Providence.

Miss Stanton's forte was undoubtedly found in social and political life, in the former winning the hearts of all by her vivacity, art, general information, warm sympathy and fine address; while on the rostrum, fire, force and deep earnestness in the cause she advocated, together with her fine elocution, added to her tempering social characteristics, already known and appreciated, did not fail in securing her in the future, popularity and influence of which she not only and her special friends may be proud, but the whole country.

Miss Doctor Stanton was engaged under the auspices of the American Literary Bureau of New York, with an address entitled "When to Marry" and is remarkable for its originality, power and suggestive thought.

In October, 1871, Miss Stanton opened her course of lectures in Chicago, and other cities in the West, under the auspices of the literary bureau above mentioned. Dr. Stanton's theory is that "love alone sanctifies marriage," and was advocated with bewitching as well as powerful language. Only a deep feeling soul rich with poetic thought and understanding the subtleties of sublime emotions of the heart, tempered by a well-balanced mind could have conceived an address like her's "When to Marry." It is needless to say that the lyceums which secured its delivery before them were delighted and profited, that is if they appreciated beautiful sentiment, clear thought and excellent delivery.

"The Lives of Great Men" is another address which made a very favorable impression in the place where she gave it. Some of the notices that it received would have turned older heads than hers.

A Providence paper said: "Its rhetoric is classical, mellifluous and charming, the artistic design of the lecture from beginning to end ingenious and beyond criticism. It is indeed a luxury to listen to its beautiful and well-rounded periods. Analyzing the love soul of Madame George Sand, Dr. Stanton rises into the most ethereal spheres of sentiment and chastened oratory; but upon the love of Josephine for Napoleon, the purest maternal love of which we have record. In such as Josephine we learn how much more blessed it is to give than receive. A well known writer of Providence says, relative to a photograph, that Miss Dr. Stanton's face is a face not to be readily caught and preserved by the magic art of Daguerre, as the classic outline of her face demonstrates its beauty more forcibly when her soul is playing through it than in repose of her sitting." Miss Dr. Stanton graduated at the "Woman's Medical College" of New York, as valedictorian in the class of 1878, with the wife of Rev. William H. Murray and practiced her chosen profession successfully at Madison avenue Hotel, New York, many years. Among the life-long friends of Miss Dr. Kate Stanton was Mrs. Pauline Wright Davis, the charming wife of the late Hon. Thomas Davis of Providence.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The sessions of the General Assembly have not been very strenuous this week, the principal business in both branches being the adoption of rules, which was accomplished on Wednesday and Thursday. The joint rules were expected to be disposed of on Friday, which would leave the way clear for the appointment of committees next Tuesday. A few appointments have been made by Governor Beekman to fill vacancies occurring by the expiration of terms, and the legislature will have to meet in grand committee some time this month to elect certain officers.

The District Court Room in the old State House has been completely renovated and was again used on Friday, after having been in the hands of the painters for some time.

GODLY MAN'S GOOD ADVICE

The Rev. James L. Gordon, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Washington D. C., has for the past three or four years been attracting country-wide attention because of his marvelous eloquence, his sound spiritual advice, and his practical idealism. Dr. Gordon is a worthy successor to Henry Ward Beecher and Dwight C. Talmadge, in the opinion of many of the older generation who were privileged to hear those beloved and wonderful men. Recently Dr. Gordon has been earnestly appealing to the people to study politics, saying that it is a crime for anyone not to be fully acquainted with world conditions. This advice can not be too highly approved. "The proper study of mankind is man," and man's highest development should be in his political relations with his fellows. If it is not it is because of his ignorance of politics, an ignorance which is inexcusable in this day and age. The more assiduously the people study politics the better will be the class of those whom they choose to represent them in transacting the affairs of the Nation. "Man, know thyself," is advice not confined to the individual alone.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent.) Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman entertained the King's Daughters on Thursday.

Past State Master Joseph A. Peckham, Mrs. Peckham and Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham of Aquidneck Grange went to Nantuxet Grange, Tiverton, Monday evening to install the officers for the coming year.

Mrs. William Kaul of Valley Road submitted to an operation at Newport Hospital recently. She is reported as making satisfactory progress.

Because of the urgent need for garments the Red Cross and St. Columba's Guild met together Friday afternoon and evening. Fourteen were present last Friday and 23 in the evening and a great amount of sewing was completed. The ladies had a basket lunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Ritchie and their sons James and Charles have been ill with influenza.

News has been received of the death last Wednesday in Hartford, Conn., of Rev. John B. Huntington, of that place, who owns a large estate on Indian avenue near the Berkeley Church. Dr. Huntington was one of the first persons to become interested in founding a church here. He interested people in the project and gathered his people together, holding services in the schoolhouse. Dr. Huntington was an Episcopal clergyman and never ceased his activities here. Each summer he spent the time at his home here and always called on his old friends and neighbors until this year, when he was unable to do so on account of ill-health. He was in his 89th year.

Mr. Roberts, one of the masters at St. George's School, will give an illustrated lecture at the Berkeley Parish House on Sunday evening, Jan. 26th. There will be about 100 slides to illustrate the lecture, and these are all pictures taken in the countries where the war has been fought. Mr. Roberts has travelled extensively abroad and was there when war was declared by the Central Powers.

The lecture is sure to prove interesting to all.

ARE YOU PAYING TOO MUCH FOR YOUR WHISTLE? BEN FRANKLIN DID ONCE.

When Franklin was a child of seven he was given a lot of pennies one holiday. Hastening into a nearby toyshop he voluntarily gave all he had for a whistle. A little later he discovered that he had paid four times too much for his toy. Realizing how many other things he might have had in addition, he wept with vexation and got no more pleasure from the whistle. He never forgot the incident. Afterwards whenever he was tempted to make too great an outlay in time, or money, or energy, he would say to himself, "Don't pay too much for the whistle."

Lots of folks are using up all their energy on some showy thing that gives them no comfort. Some are lavishing valuable time on a few unimportant tasks. Others willingly "blow in" an entire week's salary on one evening of frivolity, robbing themselves of all manner of pleasure for an indefinite period.

Others sacrifice the best of their talents in pursuing some fruitless ambition. Still others forego the simple, natural joys of life in worshipping a snobbish ideal.

They are all paying too much for their whistle.

How is it with you? Are you paying too much for your whistle? Or are there some 1919 War Savings Stamps in your life? Franklin's picture is on them; his ideas are back of them.

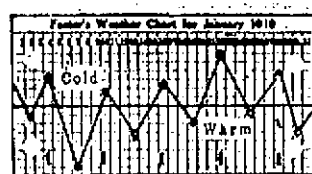
A THRIFTY PAIR.

Ben Franklin was a thrifty man. To this you'll all agree; instead of squandering what he got, He used frugality.

His wealth increased from year to year. He won fame and position. But not alone did he succeed in gaining his ambition.

To smooth the way, to help along There stood his saving wife, And 'twas this partnership of thrift Gave them a happy life.

Some folks attribute wealth to luck. 'Tis fortune's known foundation—His luck to Ben Franklin's motto Was Ben's frugality.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Jan. 11, 1919.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 20 to 24, warm wave 19 to 23, cool wave 22 to 26. This will bring warmest weather, least precipitation, during week centering on Jan. 20, of any week this month. Storms will not be important. Much of the snow that fell first week in January is expected to melt during week centering on Jan. 22 and this will not be favorable to winter grain.

I am still advising farmers not to sell grain nor cotton. This advice is intended to favor producers and consumers and prevent the profiteers from monopolizing these staple necessities. Unless farmers take more interest in their organizations they will suffer by their own neglect. Other classes are thoroughly organized to protect their interests and the farmers and planters will lose out unless they show more interest in protecting their rights.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver, British Columbia, about Jan. 25 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of Jan. 26, plains sections 27, meridian 30, great lakes, middle Gulf States and Ohio-Tennessee valleys 28, eastern sections 29, reaching vicinity of New Foundland about Jan. 30.

The weather disturbances, such as described above, cause all the weather changes on this continent, except in the south-eastern states that are sometimes affected by the tropical storms that originate on the Atlantic, east of Cuba.

Last week in January will bring rather quiet weather. Unusually warm not far from Jan. 22, after which temperatures will wobble up and down, but more down than up, till near Feb. 3, near which cold weather will prevail. More precipitation is expected after Jan. 22 than during the days before that date but we will be entering a long, dry period and not much precipitation is expected after Jan. 18.

PORTSMOUTH

News has been received from Sergeant Ray B. Tallman that he is in Nantes, France. He belongs to the 53rd Artillery.

Mrs. Warren Sherman has been ill with influenza and Mrs. Frank Paquin is now ill with the same disease.

Word has been received that Henry Mosher, who was previously reported as missing in action, has been accounted for, but that he has been ill in the hospital.

Mr. James Austin Peckham, who left here about the last of September and has been in Pensacola, Florida, nearly ever since, has been made a chief carpenter's mate. Mrs. Peckham has gone to Florida to visit her husband.



Former K. Orne Cobb—"Lots for Sale," eh? Lots of what, I wonder.

Weekly Almanac, JANUARY, 1919

STANDARD TIME.											
Day	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Day	Mon	Tue	Wed
18 Jan	7:10	4:41	7:26	8:18	9:12	9:37	9:42	19 Jan	7:10	4:42	8:38
20 Jan	7:10	4:42	8:38	9:31	9:37	9:42	9:47	21 Jan	7:10	4:42	9:31
22 Jan	7:10	4:42	9:31	10:25	11:21	12:17	12:22	23 Jan	7:10	4:42	10:25
24 Jan	7:10	4:42	10:25	11:19	12:15	13:11	13:16	25 Jan	7:10	4:42	11:19
26 Jan	7:10	4:42	11:19	12:15	13:11	14:07	14:12	27 Jan	7:10	4:42	12:15
28 Jan	7:10	4:42	12:15	13:11	14:07	15:03	15:08	29 Jan	7:10	4:42	13:11
30 Jan	7:10	4:42	13:11	14:07	15:03	16:00	16:05	31 Jan	7:10	4:42	14:07

Marriages

In St. John's Church, 16th Inst., by Rev. C. E. Beattie, Lieutenant Albert Knox, U. S. N., and Arabella Katherine Jenckes.

Deaths.

In this city, 11th Inst., Michael Foley, aged 27 years.
In this city, 12th Inst., John J., son of Patrick J. and Bridget Sullivan.
In this city, 14th Inst., Michel Kontouris, aged 23 years.
In this city, 15th Inst., Honora McGann. In this city, Jan. 15, Frank L. DeBols. At Camp Morrison, Va., 15th Inst. Thomas D. X., son of Thomas and Catherine Maguire, aged 23 years.
At Whitinsville, Mass., 12th Inst., Manuel Rosa Medeiros.
In Taunton, 14th Inst., Frances, daughter of Mary F. and the late James T. MacDonald, aged 4 years and 8 months.

W. T. WILSON

EYES EXAMINED
GLASSES FITTED

15 YEARS ON MATHEWSON STREET

Third Floor

TURK'S HEAD BUILDING

Providence - R. I.

Recommendation Demonstration Sheep Farms.

Establishment in every county of Massachusetts, except Suffolk, of demonstration sheep farms, where farmers may obtain the right kind of sheep at cost, more stringent control of dogs, settlement of returned soldiers upon land already available in the State, before extensive reclamation is attempted, and revision of the wealth are recommended by the special commission on sheep and agriculture, which has filed its report with the Legislature.

The plan contemplates two demonstration sheep farms in Worcester and Berkshire counties, and one in each of the others, except Suffolk. Maintenance of these demonstration farms, the commission believes, would not be necessary for more than five years and the estimated expense is \$10,000 a year.

The sheep population of the various counties of the State is given by the commission as follows: Barnstable, 112; Berkshire, 6531; Bristol, 241; Dukes, 6203; Essex, 355; Franklin, 5821; Hampden, 1357; Hampshire, 1349; Middlesex, 781; Nantucket, 252; Norfolk, 313; Plymouth, 318; Suffolk, none; Worcester, 1536.

The commission recommends also the creation of a State dog officer in the department of the district police, to supplement local dog law enforcement, with a uniform licensing and tagging system throughout the State.

The organization of boys' and girls' sheep clubs and a new system of awarding prizes to encourage the raising of good sheep are also proposed by the commission.

Mrs. Jane Frost Rogers of Boston and Mechanics Falls, Me., has brought suit for \$100,000 in the superior court of Suffolk county, Mass., against Fred L. Greely of Needham, Mass., who, she alleges, prevented her marriage with Cyrus Greely of Lewiston. Mrs. Rogers says that she and Cyrus Greely entered into a contract of marriage and that the defendant in the present suit induced Cyrus, now deceased, to break the contract.

The crew of the fishing schooner Arkona and the people of the little settlement of Forteau bay on the Canadian-Abroad coast where the schooner was wrecked, are in danger of starvation unless aid is sent them immediately, according to a cablegram received at Gloucester from the captain of the schooner. The Arkona is owned by the Gloucester Fresh Fish company. She was caught in the ice in the Straits of Belle Isle while bound from Green Bay, N. F., to Bay of Islands, N. F., to take on a cargo of frozen herring.

In his budget for 1919, as sent to the Legislature by him, Gov. Coolidge sets up a state tax of \$11,000,000, or perhaps less than that sum, as his goal in the management of the finances of the commonwealth during the next 12 months. The tax last year and the year before was \$11,000,000. The Governor cuts department estimates from \$38,011,454 to \$35,301,312, thus making a reduction of \$2,710,142 in this branch of the work. The situation is aided by the presence of a free cash balance on hand of \$5,361,437. The general revenue for the fiscal year is estimated at \$14,977,375, and funds held for special purposes aggregate \$1,292,500.

Congressman Daffinger announces a preliminary examination for the selection of two cadets to go to the naval academy at Annapolis in the rooms of the civil service commission, tower, State street, Boston, on Saturday, Feb. 8. This examination will be open to young men who have passed their 16th but not their 20th birthdays on or before April 16, 1919, and who are residents of the 8th congressional district, comprising the following cities and towns: Arlington, Belmont, Cambridge, Lexington, Melrose, Medford, Stoneham, Wakefield, Watertown and Winchester.

RUSH FOOD RELIEF BILL.

President Cables Supplies Can Only Stern Bolshevik Tide.

Washington.—The house passed the administration bill appropriating \$100,000,000 for the relief of the starving peoples of Europe. The vote was 242 for any 73 against. In a message solemnly urging Congress to appropriate the \$100,000,000 requested President Wilson said Bolshevism, steadily advancing westward, could not be stopped by force, but could be stopped by food.

R. R. EVILS CAUSED BY RATES.

Woolley Makes Plea for United States Ownership.

Washington.—Commissioner Robert W. Woolley, the one member of the Interstate Commerce Commission who supports government operation of railroads five years, contended before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee that only through continuing federal management for a sufficient period under normal conditions could the present freight rate structure be rebuilt.

Riches in Pine Waste.

The industrial value of a full-grown pine tree is no less than five times what we get from it. If, of all the yellow pine cut, the entire trees were used, not only as theoretical science, there would be added to the estate of the American people every day 40,000 tons of paper, 3,000 tons of resin, 300,000 gallons of turpentine and 600,000 gallons of ethyl or grain alcohol, together with the fuel for these industries and the lumber we get as it is. Of course this would require a heavy expenditure of capital and a large amount of labor, but the facts remain.

Daily Thought.

If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read.—Emerson.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankeeeland

Pershing Thanks Patriots of Mass.

Gen. John J. Pershing has sent to B. Nason Hamlin, Massachusetts director of the war savings stamps campaign, a congratulatory letter in regard to "the patriots of Massachusetts" who have unstintingly rallied to the support of the war saving stamps campaign and, in other words, kept the big victory pot boiling. After Thanksgiving, Mr. Hamlin cabled to Gen. Pershing Christmas greetings from "the patriots of Massachusetts," and sent to the American chief of staff the name of everyone who had bought additional war savings stamps during Thanksgiving week.

Director Hamlin, almost on the eve of his retirement from the active supervision of the war savings movement in Massachusetts, received acknowledgment from Gen. Pershing in the following form: "American Expeditionary Forces, Office of the Commander-in-Chief, France, Dec. 10, 1918.

"Mr. B. Nason Hamlin, State Director for Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.—Dear Sir: I have received your cablegram of Dec. 5, extending Christmas greetings of patriots of Massachusetts.

"Please accept my very sincere thanks for this kind recognition of the American expeditionary forces, and the assurance of my deep appreciation of the patriots of Massachusetts in promoting the work of our army. Sincerely yours,

"JOHN J. PERSHING."

Wilfred Wheeler, Mass. state commissioner of agriculture, has introduced into the Legislature a bill providing for the improvement of waste, vacant or unimproved land, and to provide land for persons who have served in the armed forces of the United States. The bill provides for a commission, to include the commissioner of agriculture, the state forester, the chief engineer of the department of health and such other persons as may be appointed by the Governor, to obtain land for the use of returning soldiers, the commission to serve without compensation.

Prominent Presbyterian churchmen, representing churches throughout the country, speaking at the closing session of the New England conference for the New England synod at the First Presbyterian Church, Boston, urged the church members to increase their welfare work so that the returning soldiers may be aided in obtaining work. The convention is the first of 20 general meetings which will be held in the United States. By stimulating enthusiasm, leaders of the Presbyterian church expect to train nearly 2,000,000 laymen for church work, which includes community service and care for the destitute. Five hundred thousand dollars will be expended throughout the country by the church for the benefit of soldiers.

It is announced that for the first time in the history of lumbering on the Kennebec no logs will be rafted or sawed on that river below Augusta this year. Formerly there were seven or eight busy mills along the river from Gardiner to Farmington. Several of these have been closed. While the log crop of Maine now is greater than ever before, less than half of it goes to the sawmills and the proportion manufactured into lumber is constantly decreasing. Old timers can remember when there were a dozen or more saw mills, many of them operated by water power, between Bangor and Millford, and seven mills, six of them operated by steam power, at and below Bangor on tide-water. Today there are only two or three mills between this city and Millford, and only two on tide-water. All the others have been burned, fallen into decay, torn down or devoted to other uses.

A verdict of guilty was returned against Frank C. Williams, state bank commissioner of Vermont accused of malfeasance in office, by a jury in the Washington County Court.

Declaring that she was forced to marry a man of forty-five when she was thirteen, after he had lured her mother to allow them to take a trip to the White Mountains, Ruth Palmer testified in her suit for divorce against Harris W. Palmer in the Superior Court at Portland.

The Park Trust Company, Worcester elected the first Worcester woman to be a bank director when Miss Catherine Olney of Leicester was chosen one of five directors to fill out the necessary board of 30 members. Action by the Legislature in opposition to the taking over of sources of State revenue by the Federal Government was recommended by Governor Percival W. Clement of Vermont in his inaugural message. In this connection he referred to the loss of revenue to the State that would be involved in Federal ownership of railroads and also in adoption of the National prohibition amendment.

Fair Warning.

Bob's brother, seeking revenge, had put grass in his sister's slippers after they had been cleaned. Later in the afternoon Bob discovered the mischief and as his sister was about to put on the slippers he came swiftly running toward her, crying out as he did so: "Don't put them on. There's a bird's nest inside and you'll kill the young ones!"

21 DIE IN WRECK WHILE ASLEEP

Central's Southwestern Limited
Crashes Into Rear of the
Wolverine, Standing Still.

ACCUSE THE ENGINE DRIVER.

Every Passenger in One Pullman
Killed or Seriously Hurt—All in
Night Dress—Identification
Slow—Dead Torn to Bits.

Rochester, N. Y.—Twenty-one persons were killed, all but one of them instantly, and three others were fatally injured as a result of a rear-end collision between the New York Central-Michigan Central train known as the Wolverine and the New York Central-Big Four train, the Southwestern Limited.

The accident occurred near South Byron, at the foot of the steep grade between Rochester and Buffalo. The Wolverine had stopped at the foot of the grade, waiting for a pusher engine. It is said the block was set against the following train, but it followed the Wolverine into the block and struck the rear of the train placed at a speed estimated at 60 miles an hour.

The names of the dead as far as known are:

Private, Franklin E. Leonard, Bear Lake, Mich.; Sergeant S. D. Harvey, Company E, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Michigan; Ballard Jones, Pullman car porter, New York; George B. Cummings, George Rigby, Patrick Dougherty, Mrs. Jennie Levene, all of New York; six men, unidentified; six women, unidentified; one boy, unidentified; one girl, unidentified.

The injured: Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Lieberman, Hotel Edinco, New York city; Miss Flora Doherty, Flint, Mich.; all in Batavia Hospital.

Leonard was returning from France, where he had seen active service. Sergeant Harvey had been on duty on the Mexican border.

According to H. Friedly, engineer of the Southwestern Limited, he saw no warning signal until he was within five car lengths of the Wolverine, when a red flare suddenly loomed up ahead. He applied the emergency brakes, but his train broke under the strain, and his engine, driven by the weight of a buffet car, two day coaches and six steel sleepers, plowed into the rear of the Wolverine.

The last coach of the seven which made up the Wolverine was demolished like an eggshell, the coach ahead of it lifting slightly and driving back across the floor clear to the end, dropping its trucks as the last car was driven underneath. Every person in the last coach was killed.

Engineer W. Gibbons was in charge of the Wolverine. As soon as the members of the train crew could reach a telephone, aid was summoned from Rochester and Batavia. Every hospital in Rochester sent ambulances, doctors and nurses to the scene.

So tightly were the bodies of the dead wedged into the wreckage that it was several hours before they could be recovered. Finally a wrecking crew lifted the body of the top car out of the smashed shell beneath it. Most of the dead were found in the wreckage underneath the end of the shattered car, where they had been ground to bits as the cars telescoped.

FATAL RAILROAD COLLISION.

Nine Killed When Reading Flier
Smashes Doylestown Local.

Fort Washington, Pa.—Nine persons were killed and more than a score injured when the Scanton flier on the Philadelphia and Reading railway crashed into the rear of a Doylestown local train. Eight of the dead have been identified. They are:

Frank Soliday, North Wales, a director of the Ambler Trust Company; Miss Emma Renner, thirty; Miss Hazel Rudolph, twenty-one; Miss Clara Lewis, twenty-four, North Wales; Raymond Bechtel, twenty-four; Oak Worell, sixty; Loyal Houston.

PITH OF THE VICTORY NEWS

The London Daily Mail declared the allies and America were in agreement on the broad principles of a league of nations, and urged formal sanction as soon as possible.

The allied military advisers in Paris considered the occupation of some German ports in order to guarantee that Germany will observe the armistice conditions. The project is being seriously considered.

In his last editorial written for the Kansas City Star, Theodore Roosevelt explains his idea of a league of nations and says this country should treat Mexico as its Balkan states. While semi-official advice indicate that the Spartacan revolt is losing strength in Berlin, it seems to be gaining strength in the provinces. Bulgaria's foreign minister in a statement of Bulgarian hopes expresses confidence that the peace congress will give to the country the territory in dispute after the first Balkan war, which ultimately went to Serbia and Greece.

President Wilson and the premiers of Great Britain, France and Italy met in Paris to arrange a program for the meeting of the inter-allied peace council which will follow it.

The total registration for the winter term at University of Maine will exceed 830, which is beyond the estimate made by the university officials at the time the students army training corps was demobilized. Many old students are returning after having been discharged from active duty.

BRIG. GEN. HARRIES.

Was First American
Officer to Enter Berlin.



Brig. Gen. George H. Harries, former commander of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, was the first American officer to enter Berlin.

AMENDMENT MAKES ALL DRY STATES BONE DRY

Supreme Court Says Legislature
Cannot Legalize Importation of
Liquor for Personal Use.

* TWO MORE STATES RATIFY *
* DRY AMENDMENT; TWELVE *
* NEEDED TO PASS MEASURE *
* Chicago.—Washington and Chi- *
* cago ratified the national pro- *
* hibition amendment to the Con- *
* stitution, making 24 states to act *
* favorably on the basic law pro- *
* posed. Colorado, which had *
* been reported as ratifying, was *
* discovered to have acted irregu- *
* larly and the Colorado legisla- *
* ture will reconsider. Twelve *
* more states are needed to ratify *
* the proposed amendment to *
* make it a part of the Constitu- *
* tion. *

Washington.—Statutes of dry states permitting persons to import or personally to bring in limited amounts of intoxicants for their own use, were nullified in effect by the so called "Reed bone-dry" amendment enacted by Congress, the Supreme Court held in an opinion reversing the Federal Court for the South District of West Virginia.

Justice McReynolds, in a dissenting opinion, in which Justice Clarke concurred, held that the Reed amendment was not an interstate commerce regulatory measure, but a direct meddling with state affairs, and as such purely beyond the power of the federal government.

The case came up on an appeal of the government from the lower court decision dismissing proceedings brought against Dan Hill for carrying a quart of liquor into West Virginia for his personal use, as permitted by the state law. The trial court held that such transportation did not come within the meaning of the Reed amendment, which, it held, was intended to apply only to actual shipments of liquor. The Supreme Court remanded the case for retrial.

Justice McReynolds said in dissenting:

"The Reed amendment in no proper sense regulates interstate commerce, but is a direct interference with the state's internal affairs. Whether regarded as a reward of punishment for wisdom or folly in enacting limited prohibition, the amendment so construed, I think, goes beyond federal power, and to hold otherwise opens possibilities for partial and sectional legislation which may destroy proper control of their own affairs by the several states. If Congress may deny liquor to those who live in a state simply because its manufacture is not permitted there, why may not this be done for any suggested reason—namely, because the roads are bad or men are hanged for murder or coals are dug? Where is the limit? The Reed amendment as now construed is a congressional act imposing more complete prohibition wherever the state has assumed to prevent manufacture or sale of intoxicants."

ENTENTE FOOD AIDS TEUTONS.

German Austria Bread Ration Will Be Extended.

Vienna.—It will be possible to maintain the present rations of bread and meat in Vienna and the rest of German Austria until the middle of February, the food ministry has announced after careful study of the subject.

The ministry will be able to keep up the rations, the announcement states, because of its having been supplied by the Entente Food Commission with a quantity of grain.

ARMISTICE TERMS ARE TIGHTENED

Paris Envoys Demand Return of
Machinery Stolen by Germans
as Condition of New Truce.

MAY OCCUPY TEUTON PORTS.

Naval, Financial, Supply and Restitu-
tion Program Accepted by Prelim-
inary Council With Every In-
dication of Harmony.

Paris.—An official communication, issued after the last adjournment of the Supreme War Council, says:

"The meeting reached an agreement as to the terms on which the armistice is to be renewed.

"This included naval clauses, financial clauses, conditions of supply and provision for the restitution of material and machinery stolen from France and Belgium by the Germans."

These, according to the Paris correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph, were the issues discussed at the first conferences at the Quai d'Orsay.

The conference examined the new conditions to be imposed upon Germany and which will be inserted in the armistice agreement as pre-conditions for a renewal.

They settled the manner of re-enslaving the Poles.

They canvassed the list of German merchantmen which the allies can and should use to the best advantage.

They discussed the occupation of German ports as a guarantee for the carrying out of the armistice clauses and as punishment for previous delays.

They took up the question of the German gold reserve.

They discussed at length the problem of revictualing.

The meeting was held in M. Pichon's private office, as the large Salle de la Paix, with its huge horseshoe table, still awaits the gathering of the full delegations.

As the statesmen gathered, it was seen that their ranks were reinforced by the two Japanese delegates, Viscount Chinda and Ambassador Matsui, while General Bliss, Mr. Hoover and Rear Admiral Grayson accompanied President Wilson and Secretary Lansing, with Bernard M. Baruch and Edward N. Hurley later added to the American representation.

The British forces were similarly augmented by Andrew Bonar Law and General Wilson, while France, besides Premier Clemenceau and Foreign Minister Pichon, had its ministers of marine, commerce, finance, and reconstruction, and Admiral de Bon, chief of the naval staff.

Vittorio Orlando, the Italian premier, was the only absentee, having been called to Rome, but Baron Sonnino, the foreign minister, was present with General Robbant.

The scene was again interesting as the distinguished personalities gathered. President Wilson motored to the foreign office with Admiral Grayson, and again carried his large leather portfolio, while Premier Lloyd George had with him his dispatch case. Marshal Foch was putting a large cigar as he arrived, suggestive of General Grant.

Marshal Foch presided at the meeting, at which the military, naval, and economic authorities reached an agreement on new terms for the armistice. The accord reached is said to have been complete, embracing financial terms whereby Germany must restore the sums taken from the cities and towns in the devastated regions; military, whereby Germany must restore the guns taken and promptly deliver up rolling stock, including locomotives, and economic, whereby food relief will reach the famished regions.

LUXEMBURG RESTORES RULER.

Republic Lasted Only Six Hours, London Hears.

London.—The "Republic of Luxembourg" endured only six hours, the Daily Express learns from its correspondent at Luxembourg.

The Grand Duchess was promptly restored to the throne.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—William Howard Taft rebukes tugboat owners who withdrew from participation in hearings on the recent harbor strike after opposition to the presence of Basil M. Manly and certain labor representatives on the War Labor Board.

BUENOS AIRES.—The Argentine dock strike is still on, and American passengers are being taken ashore without their baggage, no ships being able to dock. The police have discovered a nest of Bolsheviks and arrested the president of the soviet.

WASHINGTON.—House passed the \$27,000,000 rivers and harbors bill.

BROOKLYN.—Friends of Mrs. Lebaudy, who killed her husband, the so called "Emperor of the Sahara," at Westbury, L. I., said that she acted because of fear for her daughter, not for herself.

NEW YORK.—Theft of \$4,000,000 from war funds here and waste of 65 per cent of the \$2,500,000,000 raised for relief in the city are made in a report by Edwin R. Kilgus, assistant district attorney.

BERLIN.—A terrific battle for the Silesian railway station in Berlin is won by the government troops. Hundreds are reported killed.

Any attempt to consolidate the Massachusetts fish and game commission with any other commission will be strongly opposed by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. This attitude was made clear at the annual meeting of the association at which William A. Morse was elected president.

JOSEPH W. FORDNEY.

New Chairman of the Ways
and Means Committee of House.



Joseph W. Fordney of Michigan, a veteran legislator, will be the new chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the house after March 4. He was schooled in hard knocks as a youngster, having learned the lumber business from the bottom.

DICTATOR TO QUELL BUENOS AIRES RIOTS

Battles Rage Between Strikers
and Police; Soldiers Ordered
to Shoot to Kill.

Buenos Aires.—A military dictatorship has been proclaimed by the government to cope with the general strike that has paralyzed the railway traffic of the country. General Dellepaine, commander of the forces opposing the strikers, has been named dictator and has marshaled to his aid all the forces of the government. This action, it was explained, in no wise constitutes a measure unfriendly to President Irigoyen.

General Dellepaine's assumption of dictatorial powers followed two serious attempts by strikers to capture police headquarters. He has assumed the functions of minister of war, the navy and the interior, making himself supreme commander. It is understood that General Dellepaine has taken the place of former Minister of War Goussales, who was designated by President Irigoyen to act as chief of police.

Night battles between strikers and police rage in all parts of the city. There was a particularly sharp conflict in front of the post office. If the fighting spreads in this district it probably will be necessary to close the cable offices.

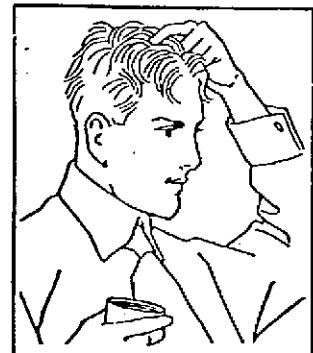
Several attempts were made to capture the First District police station, one block from the American consulate. It is impossible at this time to make any calculation of the number of casualties.

Industry in this city is at a standstill and the situation is grave. Soldiers and police have been ordered to suppress violence and to shoot to kill. Several persons already have been killed, and the number reported wounded is considerable. More than 100 were killed the day previous, the police say.

Despite these stern measures, the strikers, through the regional federation, ordered that the walkout be continued. Members of the federation have been instructed to oppose all acts of aggression by government forces.

Leaders of the Radical party have organized a White Guard of 10,000 to assist the police and General Dellepaine's force of 4,000. Besides these, a detachment of marines disembarked from the cruiser Garibaldi.

Buenos Aires presents the appearance of a city stricken with pestilence. Streets are littered with wreckage, garbage and paper. Armed sentinels patrol streets in the business section.



Young Men Use Cuticura To Save Your Hair

Nothing like shampoos with Cuticura Soap and hot water, preceded by touches of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff and itching to keep the scalp and hair healthy. They are ideal for all toilet uses. In the morning shave with Cuticura Soap the Cuticura way—without lather. After shaving and before bathing touch spots of dandruff or irritation with Cuticura Ointment. Then bathe face, hands and scalp with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum are indispensable adjuncts of the daily toilet in maintaining skin purity and skin health. By bringing these delicately medicated emollients in frequent contact with your skin as in use for all toilet purposes, you keep the skin, scalp, hair and hands clear, sweet and healthy 25c ea. everywhere.

Increasing Power of Unity

Let us all pull together with a strong hand until the tremendous task that we have before us has been completed. There is much for every one to do. Many who cannot serve on the battle field can conserve and save.

Your account is invited.

4 per cent interest Paid on Participation Accounts

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Deposits made on or before November 15th, draw interest from November 1st.

Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds

Ready for delivery to our customers who have paid in full.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to. CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY. Telephone Connection. All Goods are Pure Absolutely.

Charter 1565 REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF Reserve District No. 1

The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on December 31, 1918.

RESOURCES

	Dollars	Cts.
1. Loans and discounts including redemptions, (except those shown in b and c)	\$513,193	6
2. Overdrafts, secured, \$701.50	701	50
3. U. S. bonds (other than Liberty Bonds, but including U. S. certificates of indebtedness)	100,000	00
a U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000	00
f U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness owned and pledged	10,000	00
6. Liberty Loan Bonds	23,150	00
a Liberty Loan Bonds 3 1/2, 4 and 4 1/2 per cent, unpledged	23,150	00
d Liberty Loan Bonds 3 1/2, 4 and 4 1/2 per cent, pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable	75,000	00
7. Bonds, securities and other assets (other than U. S. bonds (other than U. S. bonds) pledged to secure U. S. deposits)	55,000	00
8. Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned and pledged to check	138,944	50
9. Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent subscription)	193,944	50
10. A value of banking house, owned and unencumbered	22,615	00
11. Equity in banking houses	22,615	00
12. Interest and discount collected or credited in advance	41,218	53
13. Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks	106,525	31
14. Exchanges for clearing house	14,060	34
15. Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)	15,612	25
16. Total of items 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18	136,958	90
17. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,000	00
21. Interest earned but not collected—approximately on Notes and Bills Receivable not paid due	4,702	32
Total	\$1,161,637	31

LIABILITIES

	Dollars	Cts.
24. Capital Stock paid in	\$100,000	00
25. Surplus fund	63,600	00
26. Undivided profits	29,837	21
27. Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not earned (approximately)	4,356	11
28. Circulating notes outstanding	100,000	00
29. Net amounts due to National Banks	5,917	77
30. Net amounts due to banks, bankers and trust companies (other than included in items 31 or 32)	65,929	72
Total of items 24 and 25	163,600	00
Demand deposits other than bank deposits subject to reserve (deposits payable within 30 days)	678,193	07
31. Individual deposits subject to check	31,303	13
32. Certified checks	2,119	14
33. Dividends unpaid	60	23
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits subject to reserve, items 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41)	719,654	24
34. Bills payable, with Federal Reserve Bank	75,000	00
Total	\$1,161,637	31

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

County of Newport, Ss.

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, 1919.

PACKER HEAMAN, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: EDWARD A. BROWN, EDWARD S. PECKHAM, WM. H. LANGLEY, Directors.

George H. Proud, Cashier.

A Reply.

"Do you think playing a game of pool hurtful or wrong?" asks a young saphead of Galveston. We think playing a game of pool to be entirely all right—provided the player has put in a full day's work.—Houston Post.

New Detachable Handle. In the belief that a thief will be less likely to steal hand baggage that has no handle upon it, an inventor has patented a detachable handle for suit cases.

Those Straw Votes. "I really never did take much stock in straw votes," said the defeated candidate, sorrowfully, "but I must admit that there is more comfort in them than there is sometimes in the real thing."

No Need to Be Too Hasty. Be not hasty to cast off every aspiration that is cast on you. Let them alone for a while and then, like mud on your clothes, they will rub off of themselves.—Murray.

Daily Thought. Many men build as cathedrals were built, the part nearest the ground finished; but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete. — Henry Ward Beecher.

Peterhof Founded in 1711. The town of Peterhof, 18 miles from Petrograd, was founded in 1711 by Peter the Great. The Imperial palace there is built in imitation of the famous palace of Versailles.

MERCHANT SHIPS TO CARRY CADETS

Training System of Shipping
Board to Be Extended to
Large Vessels.

STUDY FOR HIGHER PLACES

Young Men Will Learn the Road to
the Quarter Deck and Counting
Room—High Class of Sea-
men Wanted.

Washington.—Apprentices and cadet officers will be placed on all large vessels of the American merchant marine, to be trained for higher places, much the same as sailor boys were trained to become officers and shipping merchants in the early days of American seafaring, according to a plan to be put into execution at once by the United States shipping board.

The basis of this plan is a system of individual training on shipboard for American youth capable of rising through instruction to a shipping career, the ultimate goal of which is the position of shipmaster, steamship agent or manager, or trade representative at home or abroad in the great program of commercial expansion by sea by which the country is to keep busy its vast merchant fleet.

The plan has been devised as an extension of the wartime system of training conducted by the board, through which large numbers of American lads were given brief intensive schooling on training ships, before being sent to sea.

For Commercial Service.
This finished product is expected to mature in the form of able seamen of a high type, petty officers, deck and engine-room officers—all Americans—as well as a needed supply of young men experienced in sea-going and cargo-handling, who can be further trained in steamship offices and exporting, and importing business houses, with a view to later commercial service connected with shipping.

It was this system of training that enabled early merchants of Salem and Boston to outstrip all rivals in foreign trade, and make themselves and their communities rich.

In thus extending its present training service—which continues as heretofore under the direction of Henry Howard of Boston—the shipping board has the benefit of experience in training cadets at sea gained by its new director of operations, John H. Rosseter of San Francisco.

Mr. Rosseter has decided ideas on the training of young Americans for seafaring and for steamship operation. He has tried out many of these ideas in a practical way through his management of the Pacific Mail Steamship company, one of the largest shipping interests operating from the American West coast to the Orient, South Seas and South America.

At the conclusion of a recent conference at Washington of shipping-board officials interested in developing the training plans of the board under peace conditions, Mr. Rosseter expressed his views on the subject at length. Later he embodied them in the following interview:

High Class of Seamen Wanted.

"Shipping men are agreed that if attainment of our new and enlarging interest in foreign commerce is to be secured, we must certainly have a very high class of American merchant seamen; the same kind we have so admirably developed for our navy.

"We all know of the higher social standard that naturally prevails in this country; and, personally, I would say that I would not only accept the present standards, but I am disposed to go a step further, because that is the tendency; and if we are to get good men and train them to be good seamen and then good officers, we must see that they are placed under such environment as will naturally evolve into a condition of their being good foreign representatives in commercial and industrial lines, and agents on the staffs of the steamship lines at home and in foreign ports.

"I regard the recruiting service of the shipping board as something that is to produce for the mercantile marine of the United States a substantial type of men of the seamen's class that will be officers later on, men who can go abroad and learn the business and carry the American interests with them.

"I want to make seagoing just as attractive as I possibly can. I want to attract to it the boys who come from colleges, and who know how to swim and play baseball. I want to make conditions aboard ship such that they will feel it is the best destiny they can find.

"The men we want to attract to the sea, I feel, are the men such as we remember ourselves in our school days—nice, clean boys, who had good homes, and who were leaving home amid the old family discussion as to whether they would be bankers, insurance men, retail merchants, or what not. I want to add to that list the very important and very alluring occupation of the pursuit of the sea.

"When we ask American boys to come aboard ship, we certainly must all recognize that we have got to assure them of quite a different condition than has existed in foreign commerce during the past thirty years; I might say, unhappily existed."

IN THE POULTRY YARD.

Mrs. Duck—
What have you
been buying now?
to Mr. Duck—I
there had a pair of
through pants, but
look just
ma's.

Preparedness
By GERALD ST. ETIENNE
(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jack Marlboro ran his fingers over the twelve shirts placed on the counter before him, and then produced a roll of bills. "I'll take the whole dozen," he announced to the weary-looking clerk. "There won't be another bargain like this for years."

The clerk was too surprised to answer, but as Jack was starting away he ventured to suggest the purchase of something else.

"No, thanks," Jack smiled. "I've got everything else. I have socks enough to last me for six years and underclothes for just as long—to say nothing of ties and suits of clothes. There is not an article of wearing apparel that I will need for years to come that I haven't got stored away. I believe in preparedness."

"This war is going to knock prices sky high and I have figured I have saved hundreds of dollars on what I have purchased and packed away. In two years' time we poor beggars who have to stay home won't be able to buy shirts like these I have just bought for \$10 apiece."

The dress goods counter was on the way out. As Jack was hurrying past it a light hand was placed on his shoulder. He looked up to meet the smiling gaze of Jessie Evidge, the jeweler's daughter.

Jessie had been an old school-days friend, and had just returned from college. She had not changed much. Jack thought, as he took the gracefully proffered hand.

"I was going to ask your assistance with my parcels," Jessie laughed, be-



"Father Thinks I Have Lost My Head."

witchingly, "but I see you have plenty of your own. Have you been laying in a stock of things to last you until the last of the war?"

"I have bought more silk than I can use in years, but I believe in preparedness. The way everything is going up silk will be out of reach within a year or two. I have got the grandest white crepe de chine for my wedding dress. How do you like it?" She held up a fold of the goods for his inspection.

"You will look splendid in a dress of that," Jack enthused. "You are very sensible to purchase now. You are the only person in town who agrees with me, though, I'll venture to say."

"Then we are the only sensible people in town," she said, decidedly. "They think at home that I am foolish to invest so much of my little fortune on things to put away, but time will tell. Father thinks I have lost my head, but at the same time he says that diamonds will double in price before this time next year."

"Is that so?" Jack exclaimed. "Goodness knows how soon I might need a diamond. I had better see your father right away."

"Let me sell you one. I am helping in the store during my holidays. I can tell you the setting she will like best."

Jack blushed to the roots of his hair, but Jessie laughed gayly. He didn't make his choice the first day, but called often to discuss it with the eager young saleslady. He did not tell her, of course, that he had not met the young lady who was to wear the ring, but was just buying it in the expectation of being engaged sometime. It was following out his idea of preparedness.

Once the purchase had been made, he regretted that he had not taken longer in making the choice. Not that he was not satisfied with the one Jessie had persuaded him to take, but it meant the loss of an excuse to call at the jewelry store when the jeweler's daughter was in charge. Jessie had always appeared attractive to him, but now she appeared the most wonderful girl in the world.

Why hadn't he recognized her before as his ideal girl? he asked himself. Just when he had realized it it

was too late, for already Jessie had bought her wedding dress.

How lucky the other man was, he thought. It was hard to give her up just as he had found it, as it were.

After he had purchased the ring Jack did not make any more purchases of things to lay aside. When he viewed the things in his wardrobe and every other conceivable place to store things the suspicion that he had made a mistake came over him. There were more things than he would be able to wear before they became too far out of style to be presentable. How much better it would have been if he had saved his money.

However, there was still a substantial credit balance to his account in the bank, but just the same he would like to have unburdened some of the things he had. There were enough clothes and toggery in his possession to start a haberdashery. His last purchase was the worst white elephant of all.

Most likely he was doomed to bachelorhood, now that the only girl who could make him happy was engaged to some one else. Perhaps it would be best to give everything he had stored away to the Red Cross for a rummage sale. They would think he was crazy to have accumulated so many things. Jessie would advise what to do, he thought, as he resolved to call on her again.

That was Jessie's night to be in the store. Jack arrived just before closing time. There was no one at the front of the shop, and he waited impatiently for a few minutes.

A silken sob sounded from the rear of the store. Jack was on the alert in an instant. Jessie was crying; he could recognize her voice even in a sob. He was by her side in an instant.

"What's the matter, Jessie?" he asked sympathetically.

Jessie dried her tears instantly. "I have just been thinking what an idiot I am," she said mournfully. "I have bought more things than I know what to do with, and I'm just as foolish as they've all said I am. Why, I have a complete green trunk, and there isn't even a prospect of my ever being married! I haven't got a boy friend who cares anything for me."

"Haven't you?" Jack cried out in delight. "Aren't you engaged?"

"No," she answered, looking at him in surprise. "I haven't had a chance, cooped up like I have been in a stupid college. All the nice boys at home have become engaged while I was away."

"Then you don't include me among the nice boys," he said disappointedly. "You are engaged," she flushed. "I picked out the ring for you."

"But that was only part of my preparedness plan," he smiled as he reached out for her hand. "I bought it to have handy when I found the girl of my dreams, and I have found her. You are my dream girl—the only one who can make me happy as my wife."

The humor of it struck Jessie. "I had better take you while husbands last," she said laughingly. "This war is making them scarce, so I had better have one to go with my wedding gown."

"I'm not much of a bargain," he smiled as he drew her closer.

"You are the dearest bargain in the world, and I love you." The smile was replaced with a look of sincerity, and when their lips met he knew she meant it.

HAVE SUFFERED FOR ITALY

Remarkable Fact That Her Two Great Poets Should Be Injured in the Same Manner.

Gabriele D'Annunzio and Sen Benelli, Italy's two most famous modern poets and dramatists, each has lost the sight of one eye in the war.

A literary rivalry that existed between the two men before the war was carried by both into the field of patriotic endeavor. Fate has seen to it that neither has surpassed the other in personal injuries and sacrifices.

Although both were beyond military age, D'Annunzio being over fifty when the war broke out, both volunteered for active service. D'Annunzio, who several years before the war had made a trial flight in an airplane with Glen Curtiss, chose aviation, while Benelli chose the navy.

D'Annunzio received his injury to the eye in a violent landing of his airplane, the force of the shock all but driving the eyeball from the socket.

Benelli received his injuries while aboard an Italian torpedo boat that was bombarding Pola.

D'Annunzio has been known in the United States for years. Benelli's best known work in America perhaps is his poetical drama "La Cena delle Beffe."

Ancient Church Still in Use.

A little church two hundred and eighteen years old is still used as a place of worship. It stands near the York river in Yorktown, Va. Erected in 1700 by the English colonists, it stood undisturbed for more than 100 years. In 1814 it was partly burned by a landing force from British naval vessels in the York river. It was rebuilt in 1825 just as it stands today. The bell was cast in England in 1725 and was presented to the church by Queen Anne. The original communion service is still in use. This old church stands on historic ground. It was here that was fought the closing battle of the War of the Revolution by which American and French troops forced the surrender of the British under Cornwallis, winning American freedom.

Anxious About Baby.

Harold is rather jealous since a wee brother came to his home. It was bedtime, and mother was busy with baby and could not rock Harold, as had been the custom. Coming up to his mother, he asked: "Don't you think baby ought to lay down in the bed so him can rest his back?"

POULTRY FACTS

GOOD HANDLING SAVES EGGS

Big Loss Can Be Prevented If Producer and Country Merchant Take Precautions.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Not long ago four men worked half a day grading "current receipts" of eggs as they were received at a city market. They candied out one hundred dollars worth of rots, spots, and incubated eggs. This loss could so easily have been prevented if only the producer and the country merchant had handled the eggs promptly.

The hen lays a fresh egg; the consumer demands a fresh egg. Eggs are a highly perishable product, and gradually deteriorate with age. Heat is their enemy; cold is their friend. The shorter the time and the more direct their route from nest to packing house, the smaller the opportunity for loss.

The proper handling of eggs is not a one-man job. Many people are concerned in it. Their interests are common, and mutual understanding and co-operation between them benefit all alike.

The farmer's part in the general scheme of good marketing is to bring good eggs to market. To accomplish this, he should market his eggs frequently, not let them accumulate.

The dealer's job is to keep the eggs good. His slogan should be "ship promptly and properly." The sooner an egg is put under refrigeration and started for the market, the better its quality when it reaches its final destination, and the higher its value.

KEEPING CHICKENS IN TOWN

One of Best Ways for Loyal American to Help Win War is to Raise Hens in Back Yard.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Every true American is asking, "How can I best do my part to help win the war?" One of the means to this end is to set the back yard to work. Those who have suitable land are cultivating vegetable gardens to help increase the food supply. There are, however, many back yards not suitable for the making of a garden which may be profitably utilized for back yard poultry keeping. In every household, no matter how economical the housewife, there is a certain amount of table scraps and kitchen waste which has feeding value, but which, if not fed, finds its way into the garbage pail. Poultry is the only class of domestic animals which is suitable for converting this waste material, right where it is produced in the city, into wholesome and nutritious food in the form of eggs and poultry meat. A small number of chickens can be kept in almost any back yard.

If poultry houses are not available, hens can be housed at small expense in



Cheaply-Constructed Poultry House, Made of Plane Box.

plane boxes or other large packing cases. Their eggs should make a substantial addition to the family food supply. Each hen in her pullet year should produce ten dozen eggs. The average size of the back yard flock should be at least ten hens. Thus each flock would produce in a year 100 dozen eggs, which at the conservative value of 25 cents a dozen would be worth \$25. By keeping a back yard poultry flock the family would not only help in reducing the cost of living, but would have eggs of a quality and freshness which are often difficult to obtain.

Poultry keeping, although a comparatively simple undertaking, will be successful in direct proportion to the study and labor which are expended upon it. There is an abundance of good material on the subject, but "Back Yard Poultry Keeping" (Farmers' Bulletin 859), a recent publication of the United States department of agriculture, contains all the general directions needed to make a start. It tells how to overcome the objections to keeping poultry in the city, what kinds of fowls to keep, the size of the flock computed according to the size of the back yard, gives definite instructions as to the best kinds of chicken houses to build, with bill of materials for same, directions as to feeding the fowls, hatching and raising chicks, prevention of diseases and pests, and many other matters essential to the success of the undertaking. Another helpful bulletin of a general character is "Hints to Poultry Raisers" (Farmers' Bulletin 528). This gives a great deal of useful and authoritative information within a very small compass.

The Indians along the Columbia river make a kind of bread from a moss that grows on the spruce fir tree. This moss is prepared by placing it in heaps, sprinkling it with water and permitting it to ferment. Then it is rolled into balls as big as a man's head, and these are baked in pits.

POULTRY FACTS



KEEP ONLY PROFITABLE HENS

Emergency Agents Waging Successful Campaign Against Unprofitable Fowls in Flocks.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Practically all the southern Mississippi valley and middle Western states have effected satisfactory increases in their production of poultry products. The emergency agents are now waging a successful campaign against the unprofitable hens by getting owners to cull such fowls from their flocks. Hens which produce less than 75 eggs a year are better dead than alive, while fowls which yield from 75 to 100 eggs annually are only fair producers. Good layers produce 125 eggs and upward every 12 months. In some flocks of 200 hens, 75 of the low-producing fowls have



Most Profitable Flock of White Leghorns.

been eliminated and still the normal production has been maintained. This results from more favorable conditions and surroundings for the hens left in the flock which are not so crowded and which consequently produce better.

POULTRY AND EGGS SUPPLY

Badly Needed to Help Feed the World—Nothing Else Costs So Little to Raise on Farm.

(By P. G. HOLDEN.)

The high price of feed and the high price of poultry have combined in causing farmers to greatly reduce their flocks, and as a result we are facing a serious shortage in poultry and eggs at a time when they are badly needed to help feed the world.

We must not forget that while feed is high and while poultry brings good prices, nothing else costs so little to raise on a farm as chickens, and that eggs are bringing such high prices we cannot afford to shut off the source of their supply.

Large flocks of poultry are needed on every farm, and every farmer should keep his young pullets, which will soon be his best layers. Get rid of the roosters. Avoid wasteful methods in handling poultry and in marketing eggs.

BLACKHEAD IS BAD DISEASE

Cases Are Infrequent Where Birds Are Permitted to Forage for Most of Their Feed.

Of the infectious diseases of turkeys, according to Andrew S. Welant, of the bureau of animal industry, department of agriculture, blackhead is the most destructive. It is notable that whenever the climate and range conditions are such as to permit of the turkeys foraging for most of their feed from the time they are hatched until they are marketed, cases of blackhead are infrequent. Blackhead occasionally affects grown turkeys, but it mostly occurs among young turkeys between the ages of six weeks and four months. No positive cure for blackhead has been found. As in the case of all other infectious diseases, the sick bird should immediately be removed from the flock to prevent a further spread of the disease, and if very sick, it is best to kill it and burn the body.

HINTS ON SELECTING LAYERS

Pullets With Alert Eyes and Comb, Face and Wattles of Fine Texture Are Best.

Judging poultry is said to be a finer art than the selection of other farm animals, but the man or woman who picks pullets with a fine head, alert eyes and comb, face and wattles of fine texture, has taken the first step toward increased egg production. Good pullets should stand square on their feet, with legs wide apart, with the front end of the body slightly higher than the posterior end, and with a long back and tall carried round high. The body should be wedge-shaped, yielding ample room for the reproduction and digestive organs.

Comparative Feeding Trial Conducted by Missouri Station With Soy-Bean Meal.

The Missouri station in a comparative feeding trial of soy-bean meal with linseed meal and tanage showed that these feeds were equally effective in promoting the growth of young birds.

UTILIZATION OF SOY BEAN CROP

Climatic Adaptations Are About Same as Corn—Is More Drought Resistant.

FERTILE SANDY LOAMS BEST

Furnishes Well Balanced Ration in Combination With Many Systems of Rotation—Straw Makes Most Valuable Feed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The extensive utilization of the soy bean for forage and the increased use of the beans for oil and for human food have resulted in an enormous increase in the acreage of the crop.

The climatic adaptations of the soy bean are about the same as those of corn. It is more drought resistant and less sensitive to an excess of moisture than cowpeas and corn. The soy bean succeeds best on fertile sandy loams and clay loams.

When sown on land not previously planted to this crop, it is advisable to inoculate it.

The best time for planting soy beans is about that for planting corn.

The variety to plant is of prime importance and should be one adapted to local conditions. About 20 varieties are now handled by growers and seedsmen.

Combined in Rotation.
Soy beans may be combined in many systems of crop rotations, their cash value being sufficient to encourage the growing of the beans as one of the main crops.

In combination with other crops, such as corn, cowpeas, and Sudan grass, the soy bean furnishes a well-balanced ration, a large yield, and a great variety of forage.

The large yield of seed, the ease of harvesting it, and the increasing demand for the beans for planting purposes, for food, and for the production of oil and meal recommend the soy bean for seed production.

The feeding value of soy bean seed compares favorably with that of other concentrated feeds. The growing of seed for feeding will produce, at a moderate cost, at least part of the high protein concentrates necessary for stock feeding and milk production.

Straw Is Valuable.
The straw obtained from thrashing soy beans for feed is a valuable feed for all kinds of stock.

The variety and palatability of the forms in which the soy bean can be served make it a very desirable article of human food, and its use as such is gradually increasing.

The soy bean makes an excellent hay for high feeding value which is greatly relished by all farm animals. From 1 to 3 tons of hay to the acre.



Soy Beans Are Well Adapted to Cultivation in Rows.

and occasionally 4 tons, are obtained. As a pasture crop the soy bean can be used to advantage for all kinds of stock. The most profitable method is to pasture with hogs, supplementing the corn ration. Mixed with corn, the soy bean is excellent for ensilage.

No insect or fungous pest has assumed any great economic importance in the culture of the crop. The soy bean, however, is subject to root-knot, a disease caused by an nematode, which occurs in many of the lighter soils of the South. To plant soy beans on such infested soil is a dangerous practice.

USE OF GROUND LIMESTONE

Increased Yields of Corn, Oats and Hay as Noted by Test at Ohio Experiment Station.

Corn has been increased in yield 9% bushels per acre, oats 6 bushels, wheat 2-4 bushels and hay 3,010 pounds by an application of two tons of ground limestone once in five years on the farm of the Ohio experiment station at Wooster. A five-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat, clover and timothy is followed on this land. The limestone is spread on the land after the plowing for corn in the spring.

Netherlands' History.

Under the rule of Charles the Bold the power of the dukes of Burgundy reached its height and then began the collapse. Flanders passed under the domination of the house of Hapsburg, a little later under Spanish rule, and then with the Spanish Netherlands under Dutch Austrian rule. Then it was that Rubens was appointed court painter by Albert and went to live in Antwerp. At this time Rubens was only thirty-five and still under the influence of Italian art. One of the first works painted by him after his arrival in Flanders was the "Descent From the Cross," the central panel of the great triptych of St. Christopher, in the cathedral at Antwerp.

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Mrs. Crowdie had joined a French class and was telling her husband how well she was getting along. "I am afraid," he said, "that it is nothing but a 'spasm.' I've known people before who would tackle a foreign language, expecting to know all about it in a month, and by the time they could translate 'The son of the baker has the loaf of bread of the daughter of the gardener,' or some such nonsense as that, and had bought a few dollars' worth of foreign books, their enthusiasm would die away like the morning mist." "But that's not the case with me," replied Mrs. Crowdie confidently. "I am progressing splendidly. The professor says that in a short time I ought to begin to think in French, and when one can accomplish that progress is always rapid." "Well," said Mr. Crowdie with a sigh, "I don't want to interpose any objections, of course, and if you can learn to think in French I shall be glad of it. It's something you have never been able to do in English."

Historic Versailles.

The great attraction of Versailles is its palace, and the history of this structure may be said to be the history of the town. Louis XIII built a hunting lodge here, afterwards extended it into a chateau. Louis XIV devoted enormous sums to its embellishment, or rather reconstruction, and Louis XV altered the arrangement of the interior. It was one of the usual residences of the court down to the revolution, which had its beginning here in the meeting of the states general in May, 1789. King Louis Philippe transformed the palace of Louis XIV into a museum to contain trophies of the victories of France. From the middle of September, 1870, till the conclusion of peace, ending the Franco-Prussian war in 1871, Versailles was the center of the operations of the Germans. It was there on January 18, 1871, that King William of Prussia was proclaimed German emperor.

Sponges Cultivated.

Banyan, bay, Sugarloaf, key. Ancho keys and Key West, on the Florida coast, are the principal places in this country where experiments in the culture of sponges have been made. The various methods follow. "Seed" sponges are cut into small pieces and, after having been attached by wiring to spindle or circular or triangular cement blocks, are dropped or lowered (depending upon the depth) to rest on the ocean bottom, where they remain for a year or two, until they reach a size proper for commercial purposes. They are then taken by the hook, when new cuttings are attached and the cement blocks let down again. Another method was to string them on a wire held horizontal by stakes driven in the bottom. In doing this, however, various difficulties arose. The sponges became loose and rotated on the wire, enlarging the hole made through them and destroyed the wires, until, after many trials and experiments, a lead wire with a copper cord was successfully used.

Prevent Dreaded "Cold."

While you are seated in a crowded car or theater stiffen your muscles every now and then so that the fibers may be made to work and thus produce energy. While in the act of creating energy the muscle fibers drive the circulating fluid rapidly over the mechanism from the heart, through the tubes and vessels, back to the lungs, to receive a new supply of the reserve and incoming oxygen, so that there is little chance for the poisonous gases of the surrounding air to make the scarlet stream in any area of the mechanism suffer stagnation. Deep breaths and stiffened muscles not only prevent the scarlet fluid from being badly affected by the presence of a great deal of waste material in the air, but because they involve action they force the blood stream into the face and beneath the skin surface, so that your cheeks become flushed and pink.

Greasing the Ways.

Salt the near-cylinders. You can say what you please about elbow grease being necessary for success, but the oily tongue has got it beat a thousand ways."

WOMEN BIG ASSET IN RECONSTRUCTION

Great War Has Taught Them
How to Render Service Outside Their Own Homes.

MAGIC OF A NEW AMBITION.

Oldest Woman's Organization in the World, the Young Women's Christian Association, is Training Girls of This Country to Carry on Their Duties as Leaders in a New Social Order.

By RUTH COIT.

The reconstruction of the world would be impossible without the work of women.

Somewhere in your own community you can prove how true this is. Forty million women during the great war, through unselfish devotion, helped the Government finance its Liberty Loans. They answered the nation's call for canteen workers and Red Cross nurses and assistants. Women backed the Food Administration and made it a success. They taught their families new standards of thrift, and they sent their sons to France or to training camps in this country as their share of loyal service to a great national ideal.

With the signing of the armistice a few weeks ago women faced a new world. The tense anxiety of days which might bring unknown dread suddenly passed, leaving a strange, unsettled feeling of aimlessness. The old order had passed.

Never again could life be quite complete in the too sheltered routine of three meals a day and the cleaning of



RUTH COIT.

(Well known director of education, formerly head mistress of the Gilman School, Cambridge, Mass.; now executive of the Northeastern field, Y. W. C. A.)

the upstairs rooms every Friday. Public service and care for others had wrought the magic of a new ambition.

Deep in her heart every woman knows that this war has created new standards, and these standards affect her home, her sons, her daughters and her relationship to her neighbors.

The oldest woman's organization in the world, the Young Women's Christian Association, is facing this reconstruction period as a woman sees it. It is pointing out "the way."

With far sighted vision the Association is planning to help the girls of this country. It is training them for large responsibilities as leaders in a new social order. Girls have all of our opportunities, none of our prejudices.

The Y. W. C. A. does not work for girls, but with them. It teaches them through classes and clubs of their own how to start "clean-up days, how to help provide for public playgrounds, for community recreation centers in county seats and the way to begin public libraries and the yearly custom of community Christmas trees.

Women have been record breakers during the war—pioneers in doing unprecedented things. Now they must be standard bearers.

They have taboos waste and luxury. Now they must show the practical value of thrift and simplicity. Working with the churches, the schools and agencies already set up, the Y. W. C. A. is strengthening the work for women and girls in each community. It is not necessarily bringing in more organization. It is simply offering the women of the country a way to be of service.

There are recreation centers needed near you where games, dances and feature parties can be arranged for a whole neighborhood or township. Girls want a place where they can meet their men friends under proper and wholesome conditions. They want a chance to play. They want class instruction in French, English, Spanish, in stenography, millinery, dressmaking and cooking. Bible classes and reading courses with the books they cannot get in any other way they want as only a girl in her teens knows how to want for anything.

Destroys Plant Worms.

Worms may be killed in jars of potted plants by taking a dozen horse chestnuts and pouring over them two quarts of hot water. Let stand overnight and with this water thoroughly saturate the earth in the jars. It will not injure the plants, but the worms will be dead in a few hours.

EFFECT OF WAR ON WOMEN'S DRESS

With the signing of the armistice thousands of American women laid aside their working uniforms. Y. W. C. A. war workers who are not to be retained for reconstruction war service laid aside their pretty horizon blue suits. Y. M. C. A. workers, recruited from the overseas corps, government employees mustered out of service and thousands of girls in munition factories are now facing a new period in women's dress. The war has changed the general trend of styles for all women.

Comfort, with no unnecessary furbelows, has been the keynote of the war worker's uniform. Women in war work discovered to their great joy that they did not have to do much thinking about their clothes. Uncle Sam, the Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross did their thinking for them, and it was done so well that it is extremely doubtful if the business women will ever be suited with anything less practical.

Once having been used to pockets everywhere in her skirt and in the coat of her suit, no woman will ever again be satisfied with only the makeshift of a hand bag. The war taught women that pockets in their suits and dresses were indispensable accessories to comfort. A shirt waist buttoned to the throat, with soft collar and tie, rather helped a woman out of the habit of wearing a low cut waist in a business office. As for the girl who worked in a munition factory, she has learned to work with her hands and to wear overalls. In all probability she will go on with machine work and she will not go back to skirts while she works in a shop.

Dance fashion, with nearly all of her creators in the trenches, has been pretty much out of a job. But from the war she has drawn a wealth of new ideas for the things that women will wear in 1919. She has put a bit of gold braid here and a frog, there, stuck the feather worn by a popular regiment in her bonnet and got her clothes on the military lines of a soldier's uniform.

This is the first war that has ever seen women in uniform. New and straighter lines and a more direct simplicity in everything that women wear will be the first outcome of this innovation in war time fashions.

NO MAN'S FACTORY.

On a peace basis industry faces the most gigantic reconstruction problem the United States has ever known. The Y. W. C. A. has just published some interesting figures which show how vitally the women of this country are involved in this question of social adjustment.

There is a "No Man's Factory" near New York where two thousand women are employed in the manufacture of uniforms. There is not a single man on the payroll.

The United States now has large groups of factory trained women.

1,500,000 trained in war and other essential industries.

275,000 in textiles.

800,000 in canneries.

125,000 in food, drug, spice, tobacco and similar factories.

212,000 in clothing factories.

130,000 in hosiery and knit goods.

95,000 making shoes.

100,000 trained to make bolts and rivets, to run drill presses and to work in machine shops and foundries.

Before the war the largest number of women workers to be found anywhere in this country was in Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and New York.

OLDEST WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION IN WORLD.

Janitors and trustees are the only men given a place in the Young Women's Christian Association. For the rest the executives, secretaries, field workers, stenographers, elevator operators, and the thousands of workers in every land, are women.

Men janitors are preferred because of the magnitude and variety of a janitor's task.

As for men trustees, they are requisitioned only when large sums of money are held in trust or a local association expends a very large yearly budget.

The Y. W. C. A. is the oldest women's organization in the world operated by women for women. It believes in women's ability.

It is confident that women can manage an office, direct a campaign, handle an elevator, a typewriter or a switchboard as well as men and probably a little better.

It has an experience of half a century upon which to base its belief.

For vests.

Some of the new velvet suits show vests of fur, of the shorter sort, like squirrel or beaver, that button or fasten tight up under the chin.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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HARMONY IN DRESS

One Shade or Color Combination
Favored by Many.

Scarf, Turban and Bag All of the Same Material—Shoes Are Also Given Consideration.

This business of dressing all in one shade or in a harmonious combination of two colors at the most, observes a fashion correspondent, is an idea that the well-dressed French woman is very clever about but which represents almost too much time for the average American to devote to such a purpose.

Even when the costume was allowed more latitude in this matter the French woman had a knack of selecting her clothes so that they obviously were meant to be worn together in spite of their dissimilarity.

Just at present the scarf and turban seem to be demanding especial attention, and an attractive way of making them conform to convention is to have the hat, the scarf and possibly the bag all of one material. If the shoes match either the coat or the color of the scarf, then all is well.

One young woman seen recently carried out the idea of matching the costume to the last nonessential detail—whether by accident or by design one can only guess. Her suit, turban and scarf were all of duvetyn, which was of a pinkish tan color, called tea shade. Her shoes and gloves matched also, and under one arm she carried an important looking portfolio of exactly the same color. So unusual was the result of this odd costume that she attracted considerable attention as she strolled along, apparently unconscious that any one was looking at her.

In this case the scarf and the turban were of the same material, and the fact that it was humble duvetyn detracted nothing from its smartness. The main thing seems, indeed, to be the similarity and not the material. Fur, bands of fur, braiding, embroidery, angora and quilting are all in use to bring the point of similarity out. For dress affairs and incidentally for the fortunate possessors of the wherewithal there are the most attractive sets of squirrel and various other furs, consisting of muff, scarf and turban, and sometimes a bag. Pekin, which we call fisher, is the choice of Paris at the moment, and a veritable rage for long stoles of this fur has sprung up, although silver fox and squirrel have a well-established place.

MODISH COSTUME OF VELVET

Outfit, Particularly Original, Is Constructed of Black Material With Winsome Chinese Blouse.

A very original costume shown recently was one of black velvet with a Chinese blouse. Defying almost every preconceived idea of what fashions are supposed to be, the most noticeable feature of the suit was its extreme chic and up-to-date air. In the first place it was semi-fitted, rather more at the back than we are accustomed to seeing, and then it was cut exactly knee length.

Perfectly plain mannish revers extended to below the normal waistline and were bound with velvet. Not a pocket or a slash relieved its severe blackness and the sleeves were slightly wider at the wrists as an only concession to the mode. No visible means appeared at the front by which to fasten the coat, for buttonholes or buttons were absent, and the fronts just touched. Plain tailored suits we have had in plenty, but the extreme pocketless plainness of this model, and its length sets it apart. The skirt was plain and rather narrow and the Chinese blouse of blue and black was held with a cord girdle finished with a huge tassel.

WARM COAT FOR MOTORING



This smart motor coat of exceptional design is made of chamois cloth, cut extra militaire and lined also with chamois. Raccoon collar and cuff add greatly to the general effect.

Amendment Hard to Repeal.

A law of revenge can be quickly repealed or altered if it fails to work well, but a constitutional amendment is practically beyond repeal. Though 20 states are required to put an amendment into the Constitution, it takes only 13 to keep it there, even against the will of all the others.

SILK AND WOOL CREPE SMOCK



Hand-dyed silk and wool crepe was used by the weavers for this robin's egg green smock. It is embroidered in green, blue and rose hand-dyed wool.

NEW MATERIALS FOR SPRING

Calico Patterns in Indestructible Voile Regarded Foremost Among the Novelty Goods.

That the use of silk will probably continue to hold its place is evident from the fact that both the gingham and the calico print patterns are being copied in silk, states a writer in the New York Herald. Some of the novelty silks are simply fascinating. One called dew-kist is a rough wavy silk with a great deal of shimmer, and is carried out in blended shades very strikingly. One combination is blue and gold color and is very successful. To be poetic, it looks very much like sunset on rippling blue water. Kunsai kumsa is another good-looking fabric, slightly heavier than the one previously spoken of, and very much on the same order.

A madras crepe plaid features the patterns which we usually associate with ghinghams and does it in a most interesting way. For sheer novelty, however, calico patterns in indestructible voile must be mentioned as first and foremost. The idea is decidedly quaint and the patterns are still more so—little knots of rose-colored flowers on gray backgrounds and other designs dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. These fabrics will all find a place in the wardrobe being planned for the South, for while sport clothes hold first place there are other occasions when what might be known as the afternoon frock for country wear is an absolute necessity.

As to the subject of colors the most brilliant shades will be reserved for sport and the subdued shades to which several seasons have accustomed us will prevail for other occasions.

Of course white, which was creeping back into favor last season, will still be popular and deservedly, as it makes such a brilliant background for a touch of vivid color.

USE OF FRINGE ON A FROCK

Charming Border Treatment Is Easily Produced, Affording Most Clever Arrangement.

It took some one of a decidedly unconventional turn of mind to put fringe on a frock and not use it fringed-wise, says a correspondent. The result was very decidedly to the good, and the means surprisingly simple.

You see the effect was that of large fluffy silky shells, and they made the most charming border treatment ever. The fringe was treated this way:

Lengths sufficiently long to make generous spirals were cut and applied spiral fashion with widely separated "invisible" stitches along the border of the fringe, which, of course, was perfectly plain, neither knotted nor twisted. After that each strand of the fringe was looped, or turned under itself and the end stitched securely to preserve the loop. Thus you see the effect was a soft spiral of loops. Chenille fringe would be delightful to work with this way, and perhaps a bit easier than the more "stringy" kind. Nor is there any artistic reason for not using two colors of fringe, delphinium blue, for instance, and black, placed alternately.

SOME LATE STYLE HINTS

It is said the very latest New York fad is dresses of sateen. They bid fair to be even more popular than were the calico ones of last summer.

Monkey hair hats, though quite the thing in Paris, are said to be unbecomingly to many women, especially to those with very light or gray hair.

Brown, in a soft, dull tone, is a strong rival of black for evening frocks. There is hardly an evening frock, however, but that shows at least a touch of black.

A smart new style is the slip-on blouse with apron front, adorned with darling little pockets and wrist-length bishop sleeves set into large armholes. A narrow sash girdle holds the blouse in about the waist.

Bears Become Pest in Alaska.

Under government protection the brown bear has so increased in numbers in Alaska that cattle and sheep are safe only in strong buildings. The bears demolish fences and they swim the channels in the smaller islands where settlers have sent cattle and sheep in the belief that they would be safe. The bear, too, is a great destroyer of salmon. It is so fastidious that it will eat only the salmon cheeks, and will consume one-third of its weight in this delicacy every day.

ITALY'S STRONG MAN



Premier Orlando, who piloted the Italian ship of state during the great war.

COLLECTS NAILS AND PINS

Knoxville, Tenn. Man Makes It a Hobby and Has Gathered Them by Thousands.

Knoxville, Tenn.—During the past year Matt Lyle, well-known about town here, has picked up pins of various kinds, nails and screws from the streets in surprising quantities. Here is the record he claims for the twelve months between October 10, 1917, and the corresponding date of this year.

Pins, 10,400; safety pins, 375; hair-pins, 400; screws, 600; nails (gathered in three years), four kegs.

No pin or nail of any kind escapes his attention. If he sees a crooked nail he takes it to his home on Morgan street, near the Southern railway, along with his other findings, where he straightens it out and lays it away. His nails are put in a keg at the end of each day. His pins are placed carefully in a cloth which he carries in his pocket at all times. As soon as he gets 1,000 pins in one of these pieces of cloth he takes it home and locks it up in a box, where they are all kept.

He would not give one of these nails or pins to his best friend, he declares. He adds, however, that he might some day sell the nails.

WILLING TO GO WHEN PEACE FINALLY ARRIVED

New York.—While a New York humorist was attending a Broadway theatrical performance recently he heard a United States war fund worker introduce a soldier as follows:

"I take great pleasure in introducing Private So-and-So. I don't know whether he has been 'over there,' but he certainly was willing to go when peace was declared."

SHE GETS MARRIAGE LICENSE

South Dakota Bride-to-Be Buys Document, Pays \$1 for It, Then Hunts Up the Judge.

Mitchell, S. D.—Cupid and woman suffrage have apparently formed a corporation here, Miss Marie Clipper, twenty-two years old, stole into the offices of the clerk of courts of Davison county one morning recently and plunked a dollar on the desk to pay for the first marriage license that has ever been bought in this county by a woman. After she had procured the license she went out and found the municipal judge.

While obtaining the license Miss Clipper explained that her husband-to-be was "too busy to get the license." The apparent object of the purchase was inscribed on the clerk's record as Ray Poyer, also of Mitchell.

NO CHARITY FOR CONVICTS

Club Among Themselves to Provide the Funds for New Start When Released.

Philadelphia.—Convicts at the Eastern penitentiary here have decided not to depend on charity alone to give them a fresh start when they are released. An honor and friendship club is now flourishing at the institution. The members, many of whom have been skilled artisans, made articles of value which are sold through outside agencies, and the money derived therefrom is used to give newly-released convicts funds which will tide them over until they can begin making their own living once again.

Uses Belt to Steal Brass.

Topeka, Kan.—Pedro Pertez, a Mexican laborer at the Santa Fe, had a remarkable method of stealing brass from the company's brass foundry, and it would not have been discovered except for the vigilance of Ed Ranson, a railroad detective. Pedro had a leather belt fastened about his body just underneath his arms, from which he suspended pieces of brass. The Mexican is said to have been able to steal between forty-five and sixty pounds of brass in one day.

Your Own Way.

Many have an idea that it would be pleasant always to have their own way. It is sometimes pleasant, but the results are not gratifying. It is the road that leads to temptation and bondage of sin.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Editors address to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1919

NOTES

A FIGHTING WHALE'S TRIUMPH

(By Capt. John DeBols, of the Ship Ann Alexander of Newport.)

(Continued)

It might be inferred by some from previous narrative that my mate refused to go after the whale after we returned to the ship when our boats were broken. It was the crew and not the mate who declined to go. My mate was afraid of nothing. He would have gone after the whale on a plank if he'd thought he could get to him. So we took the spades and went to work cutting the cables. It was no easy task, as we were eight feet under water when the ship was down. Finally the cables were clear, and this brought the ship nearly on even keel. But forward, she lay so low, that every sea would break over her as though she was a rock. I said to the mate, "Cut away all rigging on the starboard side, and let the spars go out ahead, so as not to make a drag." So he cut away everything except the head-stays.

Next we cut into the cask marked "Bread," but most unfortunately it proved to be water. As it lay under salt water, we had no way of saving it, nor any vessels to put the water in, had we been able to get any of it out. Thus with fresh water so near at hand, we were unable to secure a drop to quench our burning thirst. But I knew about where the bread was, having personally superintended the loading of the ship; and so we cut a hole in the deck and through a pipe of lead. As the pieces of bread came up we saved probably a bushel of it, with great exertion, however, for every sea broke clean over our heads. Next a cask of corn rose up to the hatchway, and from it we saved more than two quarts of corn, getting it kernel by kernel as it danced hither and thither on the sea—no very easy task, but we knew our very lives depended on securing a little food, and worked most eagerly in our terrible position. A cask of vinegar rose to the surface. As good luck would have it we had secured forward three large cans used in serving out molasses, and by working laboriously and cautiously on the taffrail, we managed to fill these three cans, holding together about six quarts. Another sea brought up my medicine chest. We got it open and I took from it all I dared, such as salve, a little barley and flaxseed, and whatever articles I was sure of, for the water had washed off all the labels. What I took wasn't much, but I was thankful even for that little food.

By this time, about twelve o'clock, there were 18 of the 24 men on the wreck. We had got all we could of the provisions, and things looked risky enough. The decks on one side were all broken up, and the light weight between decks was all that kept her up. When the other side of the deck should give way, she would go down instantly. I mustered the men all along the rail, as well as they could stand for the heavy sea, and asked them if they wanted me to advise them. They said "Yes," but also urged that we start for the Marquesas Islands. "No," I replied. "We must sail on the wind to the north, and after we get north of the Equator, we'll get plenty of rain, and perhaps have the good luck to fall in with a California." At any rate none of us can stand it to steer before the wind to the Marquesas Islands, without anything to eat or drink, and having no way of getting our longitude. This I said more for their encouragement than in any strong expectation of realizing the hope, for there was very little chance of falling in with a passing vessel, although the course I pointed out was the best one open to us. I was also in a hurry to start, as we were wearying ourselves to little purpose on the wreck, and losing valuable time. So the men listened to me and decided to start forthwith. But before leaving the helpless wreck of our noble ship, I scratched on the taffrail with a nail, the nearest thing I had to pen or pencil, the words: "Save us; we poor souls have gone in two boats to the north on the wind."

Accordingly we divided the provisions we had as nearly even as we could, and embarked on our boats. The second mate's boat had 12 men in it, and mine contained 13, making 25 in all who were to trust themselves in two whaleboats on the broad ocean. I had the chief and third mate in my boat. The men all wanted the two boats to go along together. "No," says I, "my object is to have one boat go ahead, if it sails faster, and the other follow in the same course, so that if the first boat is picked up, say, a hundred miles ahead, then rescuers can bear down to the other boat." In this way we were increasing our small chance of being saved. You will remember that we were now 5 degrees south of the Equator and in longitude about 102 degrees west. Our parting was a solemn sight if ever there was one in this world. We never expected to meet again on this earth, and the strong men who had braved all sorts of dangers broke down and wept like children at the moment of leaving one another, and going forward to brave the terrors of starvation and almost certain death. But I had one man who was cheerful even through this most certain scene. I never saw such a fellow; he was on hand for anything, and never for a moment lost his good spirits. His name was Bradley J. Woods of New York, and he was in the second mate's boat. In my boat was another seaman whom we called Charlie. As we were about parting, Wood sung out, "Charlie, if you get to New York and see so and so (naming some friend) tell him I died in a good cause." Wood had found my wife's miniature which had dropped out of

my bosom in the boat. Just as we were going to part he handed it to me with his frank smile, saying, "Here, Captain, this is yours, I guess." I took it most gladly, and placed it most carefully in my pocket, feeling that it would lessen the pangs of starvation to have that memento with me.

And now we were off. We trimmed our boats and let them go on the wind, and the second mate's boat, being the better sailor, drew ahead. Said I to the mate, "Let us make sail during daylight, and after dark we'll pull up on them." I wished to wait until dark before rowing, because I feared if they saw us pulling, they would follow suit, and get still farther ahead of us. While making all these calculations I was working up the sun's declination, figuring it up with a nail on the stern of the boat, all the while and pencil in hand. "Here," said I to the mate, "is the declination for twenty days to come." But I had no way of ascertaining the longitude.

The men were lying hopelessly about the boat. Soon they became clamorous for food, having not eaten or drunk anything for 24 hours, and begged for a little of the corn. But I refused them, feeling that we must treasure our little store of food until greater need came on us. I didn't know what might happen when the men should become wild with hunger, and so I said to them, "Now, men, you had better throw away your sheath knives," and they obeyed me. One knife, however, I took and stowed it away carefully in the stern, as we might have some proper use for that. When we thus settled down on our hopeless voyage, I strangely enough felt a change come over me. I grew light-hearted. The boy I had shipped at the Western Islands was lying forward, crying bitterly. I said to him, "Do you want to see Fayal?" "Yes, but I think I see him no more," he replied pathetically in his broken English. "O yes you will," I replied; "When we get north of the Equator we'll find plenty of flying fish to live on." "Captain," said one of the men, "you took too much risk in trying to catch that whale." "My God, man!" I exclaimed, "Don't say a word!" To be blamed for what we were all eager to try, was a little too much.

My condition was not enviable. I had lost my ship and my crew, I felt, were doomed with me to a horrible death. I had had no bread nor drink for 48 hours, for on the day we fought the whale, I was too eager to eat my breakfast, although my worst suffering from thirst was now past. I was burdened with the responsibility of having these precious lives on my hands. My mind was filled with all the stories I had ever heard of shipwrecks, where the famishing men had been often driven to eating their shipmates' bodies. The recent story of the fearful suffering of the crew of the Essex, who were reduced to these straits and who had even taken lots to see who should die, to support the miserable existence of the others, was fresh in my mind. Pictures of this sort were enough to drive one wild when he thought that the same ordeal was before him.

The sun was now about a half-hour high, and the second mate's boat was drawing away fast, so that I could see it only occasionally on the top of a sea. I got up on the stern for a last look at our receding shipmates, when I saw something beyond us and the other boat in a range with it. "It was a sail!" I tried to sing out. "Sail ho!" and a man asked, "Captain, what's the matter?" but I couldn't speak. I sat down and simply pointed to the sail that I hoped would be our salvation. A sailor rose up and looked. "It's only the other boat," he despairingly exclaimed. I shook my head. He looked again and saw the sail, and he, too, was rendered momentarily speechless by the glad sight. Then the men rose and confirmed the good news, and I did all I could to keep them quiet. The all-absorbing question in my own mind was, is she a merchantman or a whaler? If it is a merchantman we might not be seen by her and she would sail by and leave us to a certain death. If she is a whaler, she will have a watch at the mast-head. It was a whaler, and our hopes rose. We felt we were saved.

The second mate's boat was six or eight miles ahead, nearer the ship. Would they see us? We were not sure. Suddenly the ship hauled more to the wind. This gave us a terrible fright. Was she going off without spying us? This sensation that we must helplessly await life or death on the chance of that ship seeing us, was something awful. But I had seen that the ship was boiling and this, I thought, will be a light for us to follow during the night. But, quickly, to our inexpressible relief and joy, the stranger squared away for the first boat. We were seen! We were saved! The thirsty men demanded a drink of water. "No," I explained, let us first see for sure if she is going to them." But soon all doubt was dispelled. She had picked up the second mate. Then I did give the poor fellows a drink. I got alongside the ship. To our rescuers, as they looked down on us, the sight was awful. For a boatload of thirteen men, there was only a little bread and a few kernels of corn. As I stepped aboard and saw the Captain I recognized an old acquaintance, Capt. Richard C. Gibbs. We rushed into each other's arms, and it was full ten minutes before either of us could speak. Then, when I recovered myself, they gave us food and drink, only a little at first, and I told my story.

Then the Captain explained how they saw us. His ship was the Nantucket, of Nantucket, and he was bound for the westward, intending to go to Japan. He had taken a whale on the very day my ship had been stove in, and leaving the head on deck, the captain, the day we sighted him, had ordered the mate to get the head clear and to go on the other tack, then going below for a rest as he had been a good deal exposed. The mate cleared away the whale, but forgot his order to go on the other tack. Had he remembered the ship would have been sailing away from us, and we would have been left to our fate. Before we had sighted the ship one of the officers at the mast-head saw the white of my boat and, thinking he saw a whale, sung out "There he blows!" where she blows! The Captain went aloft and with his glass saw that there were two boats away on the sea, and thought we were among whales. Then they began to wonder where the ship was to which we belonged. Seeing us working to the windward, he heaved more to the wind. (This was the maneuver that had given us such a scare.) But he soon saw that our boats had more to do than a complement of men, an ordi-

nary boat's crew numbering six. So he knew something was wrong, and squandered away for us, and picked us up.

(To be continued)

QUERIES.

10334. COZZENS—Who was Mary Cozzens, wife of Gregory, whose daughter Margaret was born May 22, 1760? Were there any other children besides Margaret? Would also like to know Gregory's dates.—C. G.

10335. ROGERS—Sarah Ann Rogers and Richard Shearman were married Sept. 12, 1819 I would like to learn the names of any children by this marriage with dates and what is the parentage of Sarah Ann Rogers. They were both of Portsmouth, R. I.—S. S.

10336. TERRY—Who was Betsey Terry? She married Job George Lawton Dec. 7, 1797. I want particularly to learn her parentage and the names of her brothers if she had any.—G. E.

THE QUESTION BOX

All questions to be answered in the issue of the current week must be received at the Mercury Office not later than Tuesday. This column is conducted in co-operation with the Newport County Farm Bureau, all questions being referred to the County Agent and Home Demonstration Agent for their answer.

Question: Can you tell me why there is such a wide range of prices in fertilizers among different dealers? Some dealers quote Corn fertilizer at a price of say \$55 a ton and another dealer quotes Corn fertilizer of a different brand at \$50. How am I to know which to buy?—C. F. P.

Answer: The term "Corn Fertilizer" or "Potato Fertilizer" is very misleading to the uninformed. The only safe way to buy fertilizer is by the analysis on the bag, regardless of what the dealer recommends. Suppose the first dealer mentioned is selling a 4-10 (meaning 4 per cent. ammonia and 10 per cent. phosphoric acid) fertilizer at \$55 per ton and is recommending it for corn. The second dealer is doubtless selling a 3-10 fertilizer and is charging \$5 less per ton for it. At first sight it would seem that the 1 per cent. ammonia could not be worth the difference in price, but as a matter of fact that 1 per cent. of ammonia is worth about \$8 at present fertilizer prices, so that the second dealer is in reality charging three dollars per ton more than the first dealer. Always insist on knowing the analysis of your fertilizer and never use less than a 4-10 fertilizer for corn. A 5-10 would be still better.

Question: My poultry is infested with scaly legs. Can you tell me how to get rid of it?—J. C. A.

Answer: Scaly legs in poultry is caused by a small parasite that burrows under the scale or horny surface of the leg, and is a source of considerable irritation to the bird. No hen can lay at her best when affected with scaly legs. Paint the roosts and perches with any coal tar disinfectant and coat the entire infested surface of the leg with kerosene once each week until the scales are removed. Never set a hen with scaly legs for she is sure to transmit it to her chicks. If this rule is closely followed and the roosts kept painted with coal tar disinfectants the trouble will soon be corrected.

Question: In reading some of the articles in women's magazines, I notice a great deal about well-planned meals. Can you explain what is meant by a "well-planned" meal?

Answer: Well-planned meals are those which contain one food chosen each day from the five groups listed below, simply and well prepared and eaten in good proportions. Foods in groups 1 and 3 are usually cheaper. For this and other reasons they should be used more freely. Milk (group 2) should also be generously used. Add from 2, 4 and 5 enough to round out the meals.

- Group 1
(Foods depended on to supply mineral matters, vegetable acids and regulating substance.)
Fruits
Apples, Pears, etc.
Bananas,
Berries
Oranges, Lemons, etc.
Melons
Peaches, Plums, etc.

- Group 2
(Foods depended on for protein.)
Milk, Skim milk, Cheese, etc.
Eggs
Meat
Poultry
Cheese
Fish
Dried Peas, Bean, etc.
Nuts and Peanut Butter
One quart of milk a day for every child is a good rule.

- Group 3
(Foods depended on for starch.)
Cereal grains, meals, flours, etc.
Cereal breakfast foods
Breads
Crackers
Macaroni and other pastes
Cakes, Cookies, Starchy Puddings
Potatoes and other starchy Vegetables

- Group 4
(Foods depended on for sugar.)
Sugar
Corn and other Syrups
Molasses
Honey
Candies
Fruits preserved in sugar, jellies, dried fruits
Sweet Cakes and desserts

- Group 5
(Foods depended on for fat.)
Butter and Cream
Drippings, Lard, Suet
Salt Pork and Bacon
Margarines (oleo and nut)
Table and Cooking Oils
Peanut Butter

CLEARANCE SALE OF HIGH GRADE LINOLEUMS

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	Worth per yd	Sale price
Wild's B Grade 8-4 Printed	1.40	.92
Wild's D Grade 8-4 Printed	1.60	1.00
Wild's B Grade 8-4 Plain Brown	2.25	1.47
Wild's A Parquet 8-4 Inlaid	3.50	2.50
Wild's A Tile 8-4 Inlaid	3.25	2.25
Wild's B Tile 16-4 Inlaid	3.50	2.25
Armstrong's 3,000 Grade Inlaid	2.25	1.43
Nairn's Hudson Inlaid	1.90	1.12

Ringwell's—best "Non-Burlap-Back" Linoleum there is made, worth 90 cents and \$1.00 per yard.

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LOWEST PRICED FURNITURE STORE IN TOWN

NOTICE

To prevent water pipes from freezing people are requested to shut off the water at the shut off in the cellar of all houses. If water is allowed to run as a means to prevent freezing the water supply for Newport will soon be exhausted. For yesterday and last night the consumption of water increased 700,000 gallons. With the ponds and reservoirs frozen, and the quantity of water in storage less than one month ago, unless the greatest care in the use of water is practiced serious conditions will soon confront this city.

NEWPORT WATER WORKS

Newport, R. I., Dec. 7, 1918.

WANTED

A copy of the Newport Mercury dated MARCH 2, 1915. Suitable price will be paid upon presentation at the

MERCURY OFFICE.

AN INSULT



"But can't we still be friends?"
"Not after the way you have treated me, by keeping the ring after I sent it back to you."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?



Miss Homely—Tom is awfully jealous.
Miss Kidder—How foolish of him.

Uncle Eben.

"It's wrong," said Uncle Eben, "to shoot crap under any circumstances. But somehow whinn' do ease yoh conscience."

'Meet me at Barney's.'

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